HARPER'S WEEKLY

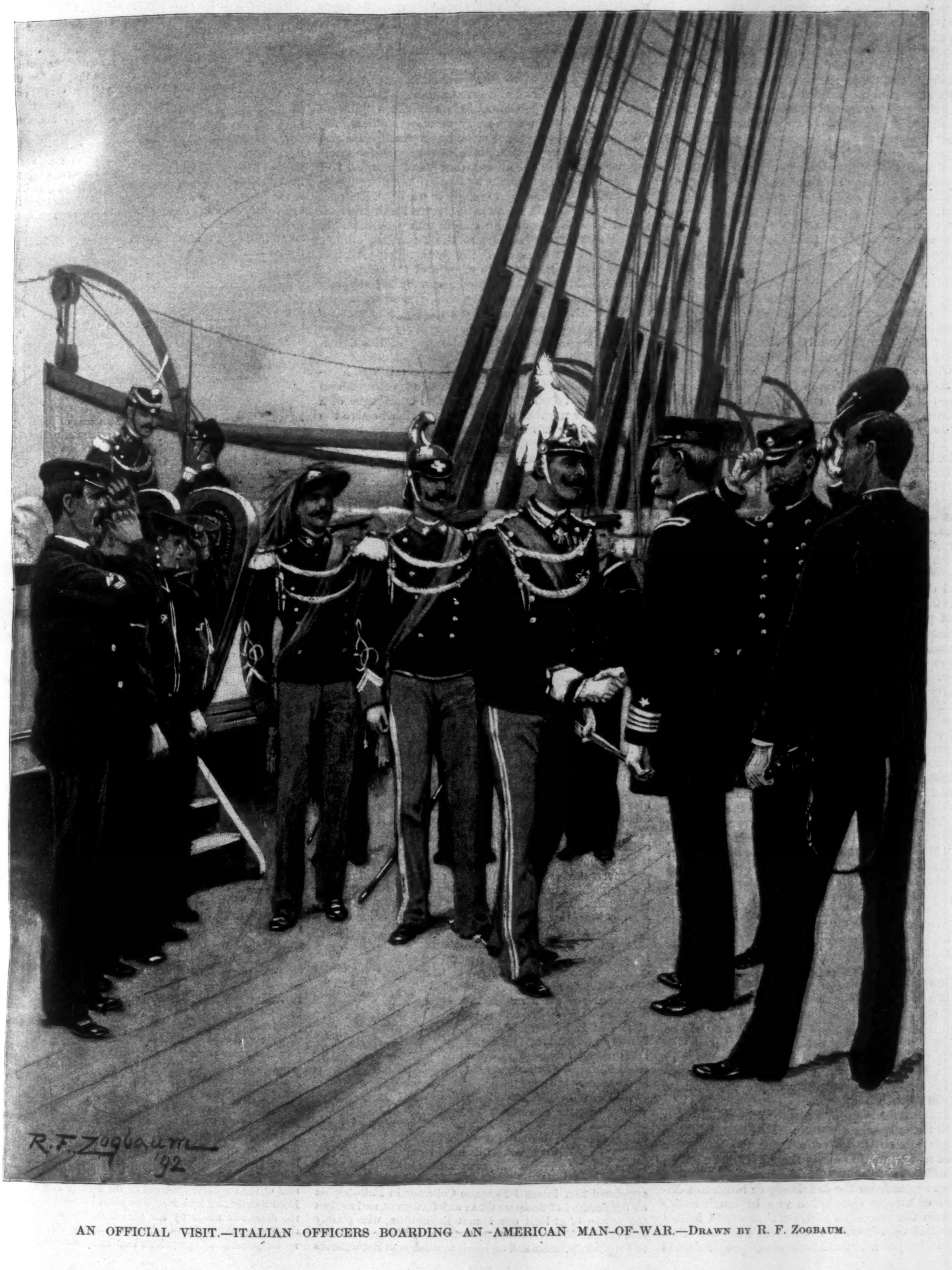
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXVI.—No. 1868.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1892.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

Copyright, 1892, by Harper & Brothers.
All Rights Reserved.



AN OFFICIAL VISIT.—ITALIAN OFFICERS BOARDING AN AMERICAN MAN-OF-WAR.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,
(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)
PUBLISHED
NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 8, 1892.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

MR. CLEVELAND'S LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.

NOBODY can compare Mr. CLEVELAND'S "letter of acceptance" with that which was issued a few weeks ago by Mr. HARRISON without being struck with the contrast. Mr. HARRISON'S was an unusually elaborate document, with some not altogether unsuccessful attempts at elegant writing. But although its occasional thrusts at the Democratic party were to give it an aggressive aspect, its tone and line of reasoning were essentially apologetic. It tacitly recognized the fact that the cause it was intended to serve could not stand on the mere strength of its general reputation, but needed defence. And in order to make that defence as strong as possible, Mr. HARRISON dumped into his manifesto what appeared like the miscellaneous accumulations of a professional stump-speaker's scrap-book, laboriously strung together. There we saw detached bits of statistics cleverly arrayed to set forth, sometimes with very questionable application, this or that advantage of protection or so-called reciprocity; smart little points such as are sometimes employed in debate to trip up an opponent; waspish darts at the Democrats for being in "alliance" with the English tin-plate manufacturers, or for taking the side of the foreigner in our international controversies, when they simply had criticised Mr. HARRISON'S conduct of foreign affairs; quotations from the extreme utterances of some Democratic newspaper writers, joined to his own extravagant fancy, to frighten the timid; even references to the high statistical authority of the pitiable PECK, with whose exposed character a man of self-respect will no longer think of linking his own reputation—the whole an attorney's effort to make the best of a weak cause, with a thin veneer of official dignity to give it character, and an unmistakable obtrusive flavor of smallness hanging over it all.

Of Mr. CLEVELAND'S letter it cannot be said that it is a literary composition of studied elegance. It bears all the marks characteristic of his writings—a certain ruggedness of style, with not a few involved and cumbersome constructions, and occasional sentences or expressions of remarkable pungency, but not a word of dark or doubtful meaning. His letter apologizes for nothing. It has no small points, no smartnesses. Mr. CLEVELAND lays down his principles and declares his purposes of future action with rigorous directness. The tariff question is, of course, the most prominent topic of the letter. Those are disappointed who expected that Mr. CLEVELAND would make an effort to evade or in any way to obscure the issue made by the national Democratic platform. He meets it in the simplest and most straightforward manner. The tariff, he says, is taxation. This tax is paid by our own people. To say that foreigners pay it is an absurdity. It is, like every other tax, "a diminution of the property rights of the people." Its justification is in its necessity. As soon as taxation ceases to be necessary, it ceases to be just. A purely revenue tariff providing for the actual needs of the government honestly and economically administered is therefore the only just tariff. The reduction of the tariff to a revenue basis is our aim. We shall endeavor to reach this aim, not by "blowing up" the present system at one blast, as Mr. HARRISON represents our intention to be, but by a gradual approach, mindful of existing interests, beginning with the free admission of articles considered as raw material. Nor does Mr. CLEVELAND forget to give due weight to the moral side of the question. He clearly points out the corruption of the public sentiment and debauch of the suffrage which are the inevitable consequences of "governmental concession to clamorous favorites."

This is a sound and consistent policy, radical in its aims, but conservative in its methods—a policy which, if steadfastly carried out, will in the end as surely be blessed by those who now struggle against it as was the tariff of 1846, after it had been a few years in operation, by the very manufacturers who had formerly regarded every diminution of protective duties as the ruin of their industries.

Mr. CLEVELAND is no less direct and explicit with regard to the currency question. He recognizes that the people are entitled to a currency "abundantly sufficient in volume to supply their business needs"; but he affirms also that "the inconvenience or loss that might arise from the deficiency or imperfect distribution of money circulation can be much easier borne than the universal distress that would follow a discredited currency." He insists, therefore, that "every dollar put into the hands of the people should be of the same intrinsic value or purchasing power." Such a declaration does not leave the slightest doubt as to what Mr. CLEVELAND, as President, would do with a free coinage bill should such a bill pass the two Houses of Congress.

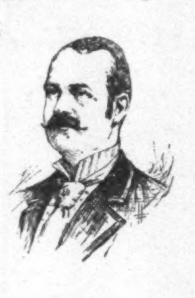
One of the most creditable utterances in Mr. CLEVELAND'S letter is that on the reform of the civil service. Machine politicians have long been predicting the decline of the civil service reform movement, and they may have seen a promising symptom of that decline in the shabby treatment the reform cause received at the hands of the National Republican Convention as well as in President HARRISON'S manifesto. But if they have rejoiced at all, they have rejoiced too soon; for Mr. CLEVELAND gives renewed evidence not only of his grasp of the essence as well as of the importance of the reform, but also of his resolution, if elected President, to live up to his faith. And it may well be assumed, inasmuch as his influence with Congress and his party will no doubt be much greater during his second term of office than it was during his first, that his efforts will be productive of much larger results than they have been before.

Nothing could be more appropriate, patriotic, and vigorous than what Mr. CLEVELAND says on the subject of soldiers' pensions. He advocates "liberal consideration for our worthy veteran soldiers, and for the families of those who have died." But he contends, as every good citizen and every self-respecting veteran should contend, that "our pension roll should be a roll of honor, uncontaminated by ill-desert, and unvitiated by demagogic use." That part of his letter should be attentively read and well digested by every American citizen who wishes to be, as Mr. CLEVELAND is, just to the deserving soldier and just to the country at the same time. It must be said that in his struggle to preserve the character of the pension roll as a roll of honor by the suppression of fraudulent practices and the extravagant schemes of the pension attorneys, Mr. CLEVELAND has not been supported by his own party as he ought to have been. In following the cry of the demagogue, as many Democrats did, they not only failed in their duty to the country, but they committed a political blunder. Trying to secure a few votes on one side, they forfeited the approval and confidence of a much larger number of citizens, who wish to give the worthy soldier his due, but are not willing to surrender the public treasury to the rapacity of the claim agents, and are ready to support every honest effort to prevent it.

On the whole, it will be the judgment of the fair-minded public that Mr. CLEVELAND'S letter of acceptance is a document worthy of the able and conscientious statesman who wrote it, and of the principles of good government he stands for.

THE RETROGRESSION OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM has not been prospered by the men who have been in power in the nation since 1889. It is true that the classified service has been slightly enlarged, but the great addition, that of the railway mail service, determined upon by Mr. CLEVELAND and promised by Mr. HARRISON, has not been made. Secretary TRACY has accomplished an excellent reform in the method of selecting employés in the navy-yards. But the attitude of the politicians towards civil service reform is distinctly not so respectful as it was four years ago. The most conspicuous violations of the spirit of civil service reform have been Mr. WANAMAKER'S appointment to the cabinet, the transfer of the patronage of two great States to Mr. QUAY and Mr. PLATT, the Baltimore Post-office incident, in which the Postmaster-General exhibited his contempt for the law, the rules, and for the Civil Service Commission. Notwithstanding the warning of the commissioners against the assessment of government employés, circulars requesting contributions are sent by heads of campaign committees to clerks and others in government offices, and covert threats are resorted to for the purpose of extorting for political purposes money that can ill be spared by the victims. Finally, we have the employment of "DAVE" MARTIN and others of his kind for the purpose of aiding the "cause" by corruption.



MARTIN was brought to this city from Philadelphia by the Republican campaign managers. The *Times* and the *World* have published accounts of his career, and the narrations are in substantial agreement. They are revolting accounts of his rise from the lowest and most brutal conditions of life, through crimes of violence and fraud against the suffrage, to his present prominent place.

This case demonstrates both the vitality and the corrupting force of the spoils system. The MARTINS of politics, who are to be found in both the great parties, could not exist if public offices were not still considered the fitting rewards of their services. MARTIN himself has held a Federal office under this administration, President HARRISON having appointed him Internal Revenue Collector in Philadelphia on the demand of Senators QUAY and CAMERON, and against the protest of at least one honest Republican, who plainly told the President that the appointment would be a disgrace to his administration and an insult to the decent Republicans of Pennsylvania. So far as the country knows, there was no reason for the appointment except that MARTIN had rendered to at least one of the Senators the peculiar services for which his talents fit him.

It is not the attitude of mind of Republican leaders alone that is discouraging. It is the growing audacity of most of the active politicians of both parties. The reason for hoping for better things from the Democratic party rests on Mr. CLEVELAND'S personal character, illustrated as it is by the evidence of his continued sympathy with the movement furnished by his letter of acceptance. Leaving Mr. CLEVELAND out of consideration, however, it is safe to say that a majority of the managers of both parties are determined to do their utmost for the preservation of the spoils system.

There is no compensation so valuable to the MARTINS as public office. Bribe-money is to be had only when a campaign is in progress, while an office means an income, and especially appeals to the man who pays, because the consideration comes not out of his own pocket, but out of the treasury of the tax-payers.

The struggle for civil service reform, which is a war for the purification of our politics, must continue until the spoilsmen are driven out of power. For some reason they have recently become more defiant than they were a few years ago. Probably they have grown accustomed to the voice of public indignation. Perhaps they believe that the people have lost interest in reform, and that the old practices can be safely revived. It is certain that in the atmosphere of the White House the tricks of politicians are often mistaken for the voice of the people.

Whatever may be the cause, however, civil service reform has retrograded to this extent, that the politicians are not so fearful of public sentiment as they once were, so that it behooves every sincere civil service reformer to keep the issue to the front, and to do his utmost to maintain the struggle, and to enliven and quicken the public conscience, that may have become quiescent in the belief that the reform has been accomplished, whereas in fact it is still very far from perfect realization.

LIBERAL ENGLAND AND TORY CANADA.

A FEW days ago it was announced in the daily press that, in view of Mr. GLADSTONE'S return to power, the fisheries question might be reopened by the HARRISON administration. It was also stated that when the Liberal party controlled the government before, its leaders interpreted the rights of Americans in the Provinces adversely to the Canadian contention.

Since the abrogation of the fisheries clause of the Treaty of Washington by President ARTHUR, and of the temporary arrangement negotiated by Secretary BAYARD, the rights of American fishermen in Provincial waters have rested on the revived treaty of 1818. Our fishermen relying, not on any interpretation by Mr. GLADSTONE, but on certain commercial statutes enacted by the British Parliament, asserted that all the rights that they desired were amply protected. But the Canadians thought differently, and, practically, their contention has been sustained at Washington. At least nothing has been done by the Federal government to secure the rights, or claims of rights, of the New England fishermen.

Among the rights contended for by the fishermen are the privileges of buying bait in Provincial ports and of transshipping their catch over Provincial railroads to the home market. These rights were denied by the Canadian government, and consequently American fishermen have been obliged to carry their bait with them, and to sail back home with every catch, thereby losing valuable time that might have been profitably spent on the Banks. Of course the law has been evaded, and disagreeable and strained relations between the two countries have resulted. The consequences of the attitude of the Conservative Dominion government have also been felt in the maritime Provinces, for the effort to protect the fishermen from competition with the Americans has sadly interfered with the business of the local merchants. The liberalizing tendency of this state of things in the maritime constituencies was keenly felt by Sir JOHN MACDONALD, who undertook to preserve the loyalty of this important part of the Dominion by mild and ineffective efforts for partial reciprocity.

It is quite within the range of probability that Mr. GLADSTONE'S government will take the ground that the American fishermen have the right to purchase bait in Provincial ports, and to transship their catch over Provincial railroads. The jurisdiction of the Dominion over the whole subject of commerce will prevent the imperial government from making any important change in the general trade relations between the two countries, and doubtless Mr. GLADSTONE will refrain from even suggesting a reciprocity treaty. But the imperial government has complete and exclusive jurisdiction over foreign relations, and there are now pending two important questions—the fisheries and the seals—that must be settled by negotiations conducted between Downing Street and Washington.

During Lord SALISBURY'S administration the voice of Canada was supreme in her own affairs. The British Empire alone was responsible to foreign powers for any infraction of international rights and obligations by the Dominion. It was with Lord SALISBURY that our own Department of State was obliged to negotiate, but before the Tory Premier could come to a decision on any point concerning the relations between Canada and the United States he felt obliged to consult Sir CHARLES TUPPER, who was the Dominion agent in London for the purpose of influencing the home government on American controversies. The influence of this agent was so great, during Tory ascendency, that at the supreme moment of the Bering Sea negotiations Lord SALISBURY was forced to yield his own inclinations to the demands made by Sir CHARLES TUPPER in behalf of the British-Columbians. The consequence is that there is no suspension of operations that daily threaten an unpleasant complication, pending the arbitration that has been agreed upon.

Tory Canada had its way during the SALISBURY administration. If it continue to hold Mr. GLADSTONE to its policy of commercial war upon the United States, the influence of Great Britain in Dominion affairs will be shown to be nothing. Mr. GLADSTONE undoubtedly, if left to himself, would settle both the Bering Sea and the fisheries questions in a manner that would be satisfactory to the people of both countries, who desire the mutual benefits of commercial peace. It remains to be seen whether Liberal England can have its way against Tory Canada in international affairs where the Dominion is concerned.

CHOLERA AND THE NEWSPAPERS.

THE suddenness of the discovery by some of the daily newspapers that there was no cause for alarm concerning cholera would have been humorous but for the gravity of the situation, for which they were mainly responsible. For several days they gave up most of their space to alarming outcries. They abounded in what are technically known as "scare heads"—a most appropriate appellation when the effect of these particular illustrations of the species is considered. Every case was magnified. An attack of cramps became the subject of terrorizing head-lines and panic-breeding text. The "news feature" of the threatened calamity was made use of for all that it was worth to the counting-room.

The newspapers that indulged in this raid on the nerves of the sensitive no doubt in some instances thought that they were doing their duty in preparing the people of the city to take the proper precautions against the approach of the dreaded disease. The people responsible for the ejaculatory misinformation, not being trained to reckon with epidemics, near or remote, were as badly frightened as the most susceptible and least informed of the readers of their publications.

The result was inevitable. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of people were thoroughly frightened, and began to dread every slight pain or unaccustomed feeling as a symptom of cholera. A list of the foolish inquiries made by perturbed spirits of both physicians and laymen, if it could be collected, would make very amusing reading now that reason has resumed its reign. The agitation spread beyond the city into the country, beyond the State into the West and the South, beyond the country into Canada. In remote villages tradesmen placed placards in their shop windows announcing that no goods from New York were sold within. A train in the Southwest was halted because of a suspicious case, and the passengers were backed by force. It was reported in some of the daily newspapers that the Canadian post-office authorities were fumigating the mails that came from New York.

However true some of these tales may be, it is the fact that an unreasoning terror was spread abroad in the land by what was at least a lack of forethought on the part of some of the daily newspapers. Finally the business men of the city began to fear for their fall trade. The people who usually come here to shop were stopping away from New York through dread of contagion. The largest advertisers at last appealed to the business offices of the hysterical newspapers, and demonstrated to them that trade was in jeopardy. The expected result followed. The cholera news disappeared from the front pages, and took its place among the modest "features," while the staring head-lines dwindled to proportions more in harmony with the truth of the situation. The newspapers had learned that a panic does not help business.

THE LECTURE IN FRANCE.

A STUDENT of social customs who wishes to get a very vivid idea of the striking as well as the minuter differences between those of France and those of the United States cannot do better than to read a book by M. FRANCISQUE SARCEY, of the Paris *Temps*, giving an account of his thirty years experience as a lecturer. We say lecturer, because that is the best word the English language affords to translate the word *conférencier*, but the impossibility of an exact translation is the first indication of the differences referred to. As the word suggests, the relation between the speaker and his audience is quite distinct from that existing in our own country. The audience clearly counts for more. Its wants are peculiar, and it is very exacting; whatever may be offered it—eloquence, instruction, demonstration, criticism—it must first of all be interested and amused. It will accept nothing save on that condition. If that is not fully satisfied the hearers are not merely cold or restless, they are indignant. They "interpolate"; they "protest"; they may hiss or leave the hall. But, on the other hand, if they are satisfied on that point, they are very sympathetic. They not only applaud, and laugh or weep, but they offer comment and suggestion. It is not an easy calling in France, that of a *conférencier*.

Moreover, it is not—or at least has not been, for, according to M. SARCEY, it can hardly be said longer to exist—a remunerative calling. A hundred francs in Paris, a little more, enough to cover travelling expenses, in the provinces, seems to be the current compensation. The wonder is, at that rate, not that the calling is no longer followed, but that any one was ever found to follow it. In M. SARCEY'S case the incentive was literally the "fun of the thing." He confesses that he found in it the charm at once of the gambling-table and the arena. Each conference would be a struggle between him and the audience, sometimes a very lively one. He could succeed only by "dominating" his hearers. The *alea* was in the chance of victory or defeat. He found victory the most delightful experience of his life, and he learned to take his defeats like a philosopher, candidly blaming himself and not his audience.

One fact comes out in this very personal narrative that throws some light on the future of France. M. SARCEY, who is a very hard-working and conscientious man, declares his impression, first, that he succeeded best with the audiences that had not the most education, and, second, that he succeeded most often when he gave the greatest pains to his work. That is a sign of a healthy mental appetite among a very numerous class. The problem now seems to be how to reach that class. In one sense it is one of money. They will not spend much for lectures, but if they can be attracted, there are numbers sufficient to make a large sum from small fees. If the "business" can be organized so as to enlist a fair number of able men at pay that is reasonable, it may yet be a source of much good influence. It will, however, hardly begin in Paris, where, according to M. SARCEY, the tendency of all popular entertainment is toward the *café-concert*.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE TROTTER.

THERE has been much discussion of recent years as to how fast the trotting-horse would ultimately travel. As the trotter is distinctly an American horse, these discussions have been of great interest in this country. To knock ten seconds off the time in which Flora Temple travelled a mile in 1859 required thirty years, and when the distance was finally covered in less than two minutes and ten seconds, there were very many who believed that the limit of the trotter's speed had been reached. Then was invented what is known as the kite-shaped track, and over such courses several horses trotted in less than the time mentioned. These kite-shaped tracks were thought not to afford a fair basis for comparison, for on them there was only one curve and two long straight stretches, instead of the two curves in old-fashioned oval tracks. Owners whose horses had made their proud records on the oval tracks said that they were not in the least disturbed over the new kite-shaped records, and, according to the New York *Herald*, Mr. ROBERT BONNER, the owner of those famous mares Sunol and Maud S., offered a year ago to give $5000 to the driver of any horse that within two years trotted a mile in two minutes and five seconds over an oval track.

Since then, Nancy Hanks, a Kentucky-bred mare, six years old last spring, and the property of Mr. MALCOLM FORBES, of Boston, has been knocking a second or so off the record pretty nearly whenever she appeared, and she reduced her time whether she was sped over oval or kite-shaped tracks. To her the shape appeared to make very little difference. This season Nancy Hanks has been driven to a sulky with pneumatic tires to the wheels, and known as a bicycle sulky. Those who thought that the record ought to have stopped at two minutes and ten seconds now accounted for the fact that she went in 2.09, then in 2.07¼, and then in 2.05¼, to the fact that a bicycle sulky was used, and that in some mysterious way these air-cushioned tires pushed the horse along and accelerated the trotter's speed. This was like the contention that a man could lift himself by his boot straps.

But other conjectures were made by mathematicians, and based upon careful calculations and analyses of the records since 1843, when the fastest time was two minutes and thirty seconds. These gentlemen by constructing a logarithmic curve estimated that 2.07 should be the record in this year, and that 2.04 should be the record in 1900. At that time Nancy Hanks had just gone a mile in 2.07¼, and was, therefore, one quarter of a second slower than the best trotter ought to have been. But since then this wonderful mare has gone a mile on an oval track at Terre Haute, in Indiana, in two minutes and four seconds, and, according to the calculations of the mathematicians, is eight years ahead of her time.

These calculations, predictions, and conjectures, whether they come from professors occupying chairs in seats of learning or from practical horsemen, seem to be alike idle. The truth seems to be that when the best horses fall into the proper hands they are likely to improve, otherwise not. If the breeders of trotters continue, as doubtless they will, to mingle the best trotting strains, and if men continue to know how to train and drive these fleet roadsters, the rate of speed is likely to be steadily reduced, until the trotter will be quite as fast as the runner. But when this will be no man can say, though there is surely no harm in guessing. It is to be hoped that General TRACY, Secretary of the Navy, and Mr. ROBERT BONNER, both of whom have been liberal contributors to this discussion, will live to see the few remaining seconds knocked off the record, and some youngster from Kentucky, California, or New York do the distance in an even two minutes. Nancy Hanks, in her recent trial, did the third quarter of her mile at a better than a two-minute rate. The mathematical calculators predict that the trotter will go a mile in 1.40 in the year 2140. That is interesting, but too long to wait.

THE OPERA-HOUSE PROBLEM.

BY way of explaining why some of the stockholders of the Metropolitan Opera-house were so much more willing than others to reconstruct the building and keep it going, it has been pointed out that there were two kinds of stockholders' boxes. Those in one row commanded a good view of the house, and the occupants of them saw and were seen of men and women. These boxes were much coveted, and were easily rented when the owners did not want to use them. The other row commanded a good enough view of the stage, but were by no means so useful for social purposes, so that they produced less enviable emotions in the minds of their occupants, and consequently much less rent. So it has been explained—and it sounds probable—that the stockholders who had the conspicuous and therefore profitable boxes were ready to go on, but those who had the more retired and therefore less profitable ones were ready to quit. And no wonder, for because the best boxes rented best it came about that the stockholders who got the best accommodations got them for a much less net outlay in the end than their fellow-stockholders paid for places not so good.

Of course New York is going to keep on having opera, and if the Metropolitan Opera-house is not restored, a new house will presently be put up. When that happens, or is about to happen, it must be remembered that what people who can pay are willing to pay for in an opera-house are conspicuous social advantages. The opera-house, therefore, which would seem most likely to pay its expenses would be the one which will enable the most people to see who is in the house, and be most adequately viewed by those present. The problem, therefore, in building a new house, or in remodelling the present structure, is to provide so adroitly for the important social ends of opera that the revenue derived from the payments of boxholders with social aims may cover so large a share of the expenses that the remainder may come within the pecuniary capacity of the people who want to hear the music. Grand opera, considered merely as music, is usually unprofitable, but considered primarily as a social function it may be made to pay if the expenses of it can be correctly apportioned among its patrons. So the way to keep grand opera alive in a republican metropolis, where local shows can have no hope of a government subsidy, would seem to be to have many conspicuous boxes, and rate their cost according to their conspicuousness and the view they give of the house.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AMERICANISMS AND BRITICISMS, with Other Essays on Other Isms. By BRANDER MATTHEWS. With Portrait. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00. In the series "Harper's American Essayists," comprising: Howells's *Criticism and Fiction;* Warner's *As We Were Saying;* Curtis's *From the Easy Chair;* Higginson's *Concerning All of Us;* and Hutton's *From the Books of Laurence Hutton.*

ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. By A. CONAN DOYLE, Author of "Micah Clarke," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

CANOEMATES: A Story of the Florida Reef and Everglades. By KIRK MUNROE, Author of "Campmates," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25. In "Harper's Young People (New) Series."

LONDON. By WALTER BESANT, Author of "Fifty Years Ago," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $3 00.

THE WEST FROM A CAR WINDOW. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, Author of "Van Bibber and Others," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

FIELD-FARINGS: A Vagrant Chronicle of Earth and Sky. By MARTHA MCCULLOCH WILLIAMS. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $1 00.

A LITTLE SWISS SOJOURN. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. Illustrated. 32mo, Cloth, 50 cents. In "Harper's Black and White Series."

THE DESIRE OF BEAUTY: Being Indications for Æsthetic Culture. By THEODORE CHILD, Author of "Art and Criticism," etc. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, 75 cents.

THE DANUBE, from the Black Forest to the Black Sea. By F. D. MILLET. Illustrated by the Author and ALFRED PARSONS. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $2 50.

THE PRINCIPLES OF ETHICS. By BORDEN P. BOWNE, Author of "Metaphysics," "Introduction to Psychological Theory," etc. 8vo, Cloth, $1 75.

THE WOODMAN. By JULES DE GLOUVET (M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire, *Procureur-Général* of France). Translated from the French by Mrs. JOHN SIMPSON. With Portrait. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00.

INDIKA. The Country and the People of India and Ceylon. By JOHN F. HURST, D.D., LL.D. With 6 Maps and over 250 Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $3 75; Half Morocco, $5 75.

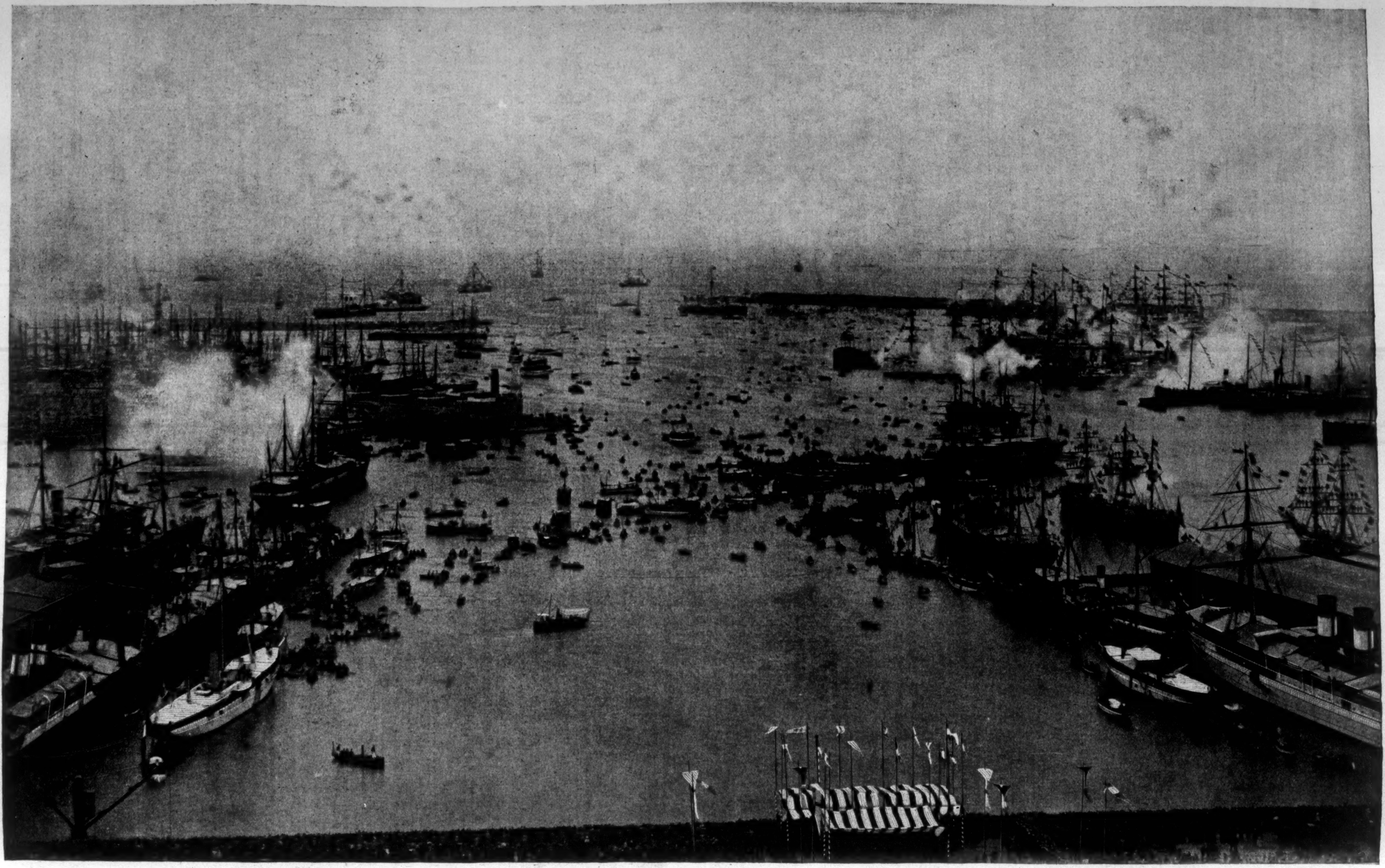
A FAMILY CANOE TRIP. By FLORENCE WATTERS SNEDEKER. Illustrated. 32mo, Cloth, Ornamental, 50 cents. (In "Harper's Black and White Series.")

ON CANADA'S FRONTIER. Sketches of History, Sport, and Adventure; and of the Indians, Missionaries, Fur-traders, and Newer Settlers of Western Canada. By JULIAN RALPH. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 50.

THOMAS CARLYLE. By JOHN NICHOL, LL.D., M.A. 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents. In the "English Men of Letters Series," a complete list of which will be sent by the publishers, on application.

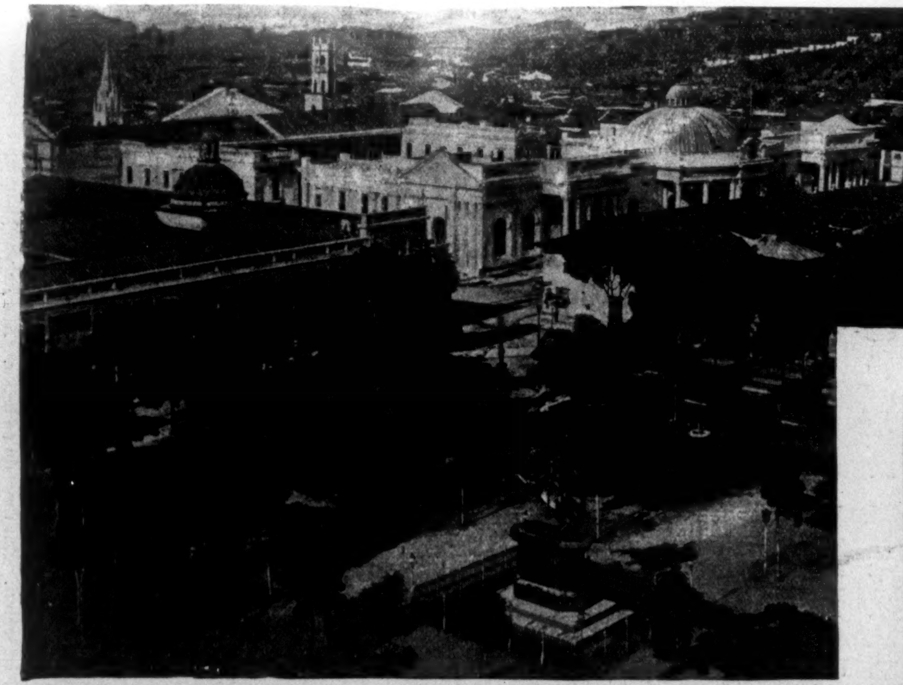
Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by the publishers, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of price. HARPER'S CATALOGUE *will be sent to any address on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*

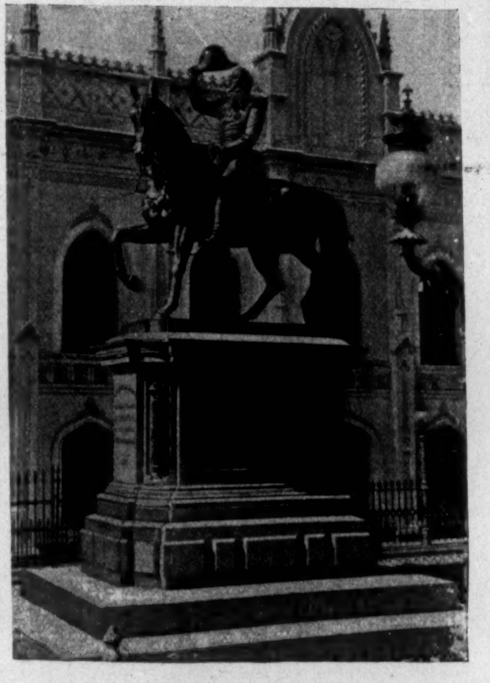


THE COLUMBUS FESTIVITIES AT GENOA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

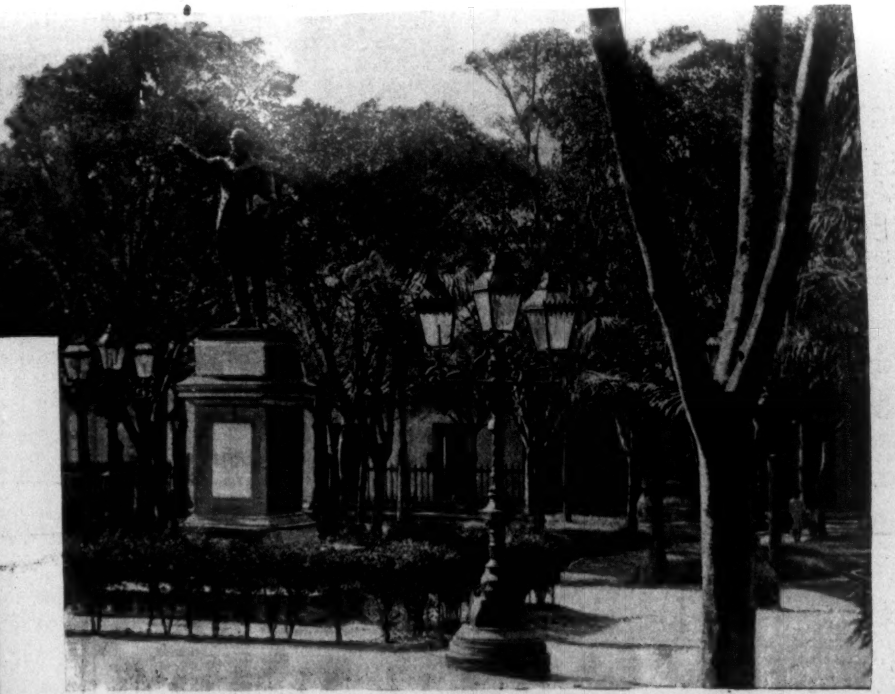
The Italian Royal Yacht *Savoie* with King Humbert on Board entering the Harbor.—[See Page 975.]



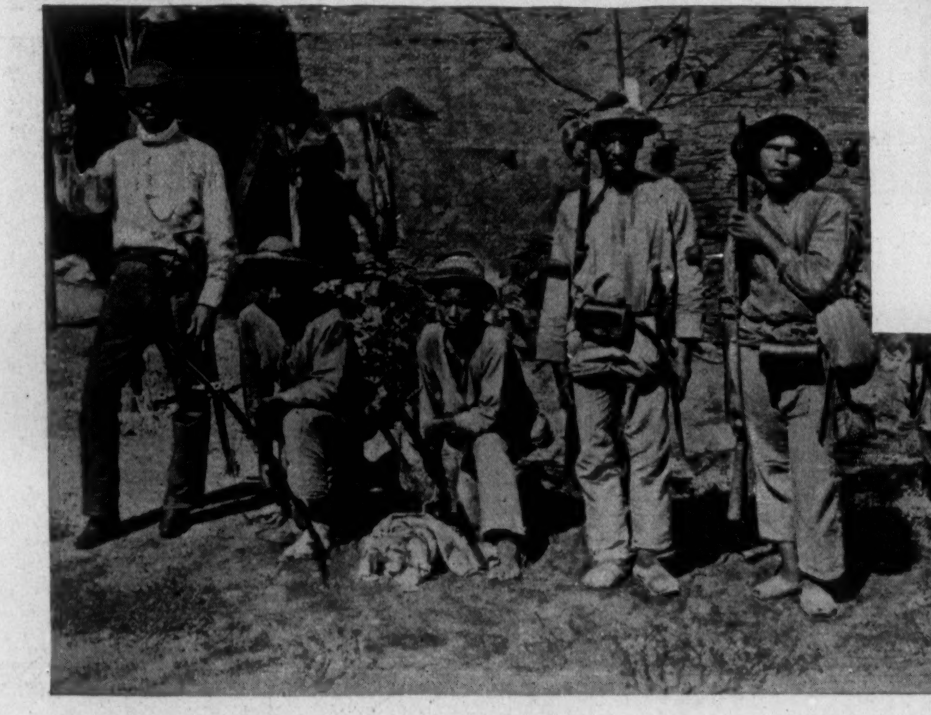
CITY OF CARACAS, CAPITAL OF VENEZUELA, THE GREAT EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF BOLIVAR IN THE FOREGROUND.



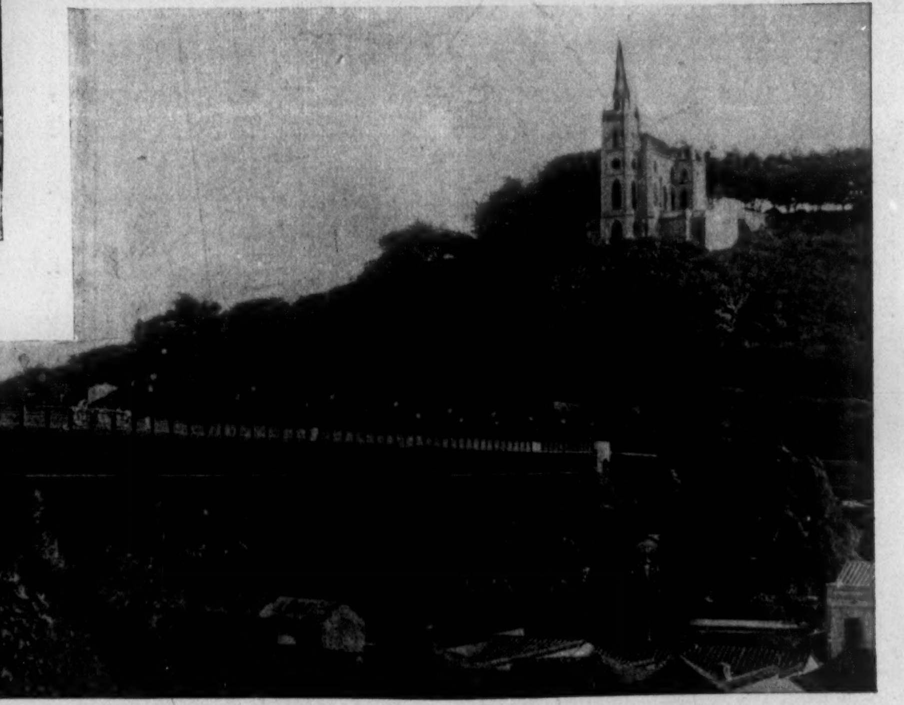
STATUE OF GUZMAN BLANCO,
Erected by him during his Presidency, and pulled down by the Students after his Term expired.



PLAZA AND STATUE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, CARACAS.

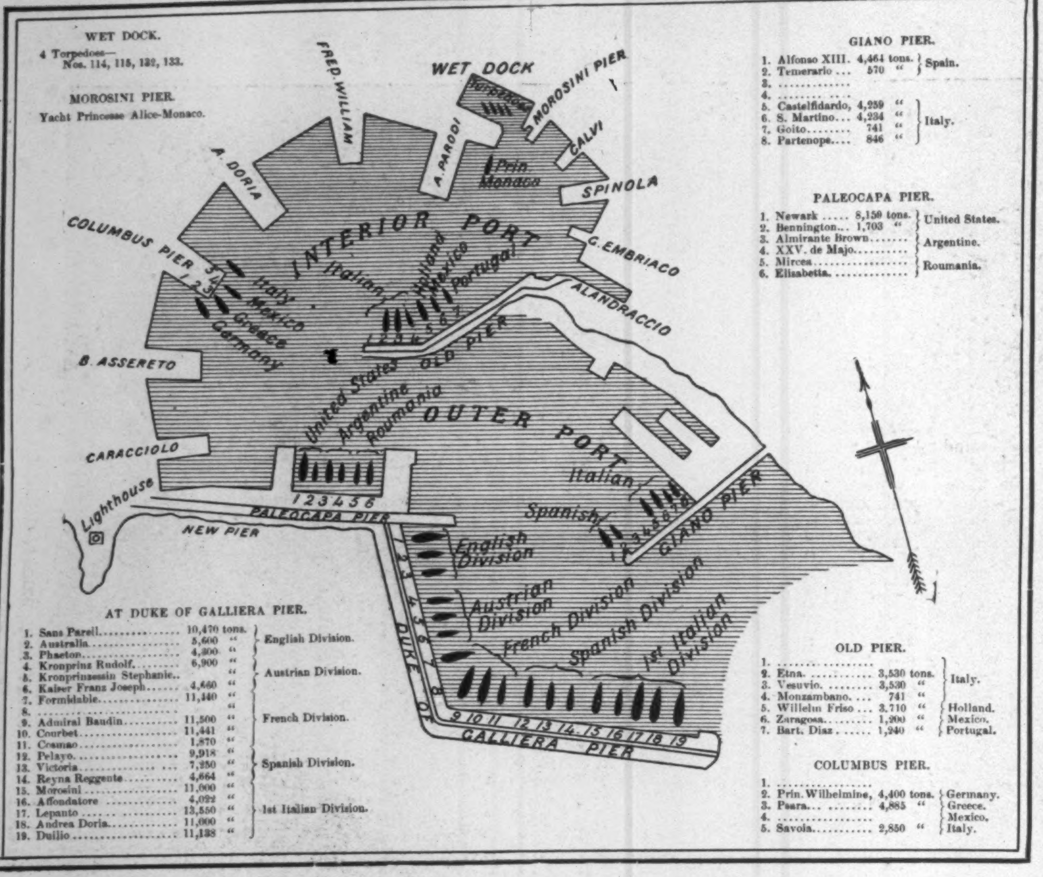


VENEZUELAN SOLDIERS.



THE GREAT IRON BRIDGE, CARACAS.

VIEWS ABOUT CARACAS, THE SCENE OF THE PRESENT REVOLUTION.—From Photographs.—[See Page 967.]



GIANO PIER.

1.	Alfonso XIII.	4,464 tons.	Spain.
2.	Temerario	570 "	
3.			
4.			
5.	Castelfidardo,	4,259 "	Italy.
6.	S. Martino	4,234 "	
7.	Goito	741 "	
8.	Partenope	846 "	

PALEOCAPA PIER.

1.	Newark	8,150 tons.	United States.
2.	Bennington	1,703 "	
3.	Almirante Brown		Argentine.
4.	XXV. de Majo		
5.	Mircea		Roumania.
6.	Elisabetta		

AT DUKE OF GALLIERA PIER.

1.	Sans Pareil	10,470 tons.	English Division.
2.	Australia	5,600 "	
3.	Phaeton	4,300 "	
4.	Kronprinz Rudolf	6,900 "	Austrian Division.
5.	Kronprinzessin Stephanie	"	
6.	Kaiser Franz Joseph	4,460 "	
7.	Formidable	11,440 "	French Division.
8.		"	
9.	Admiral Baudin	11,500 "	
10.	Courbet	11,441 "	
11.	Cosmao	1,870 "	
12.	Pelayo	9,918 "	Spanish Division.
13.	Victoria	7,250 "	
14.	Reyna Reggente	4,664 "	
15.	Morosini	11,000 "	1st Italian Division.
16.	Affondatore	4,022 "	
17.	Lepanto	13,550 "	
18.	Andrea Doria	11,000 "	
19.	Duilio	11,138 "	

OLD PIER.

1.			Italy.
2.	Etna.	3,530 tons.	
3.	Vesuvio.	3,530 "	
4.	Monzambano.	741 "	
5.	Willelm Friso	3.710 "	Holland.
6.	Zaragosa	1,200 "	Mexico.
7.	Bart. Diaz	1,240 "	Portugal.

COLUMBUS PIER.

1.			
2.	Prin. Wilhelmine,	4,400 tons.	Germany.
3.	Psara	4,885 "	Greece.
4.			Mexico.
5.	Savoia	2,850 "	Italy.

ORDER OF THE SQUADRONS IN THE PORT OF GENOA.—[See Page 964.]

THE COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION.

Next week there will be witnessed in New York the most notable street parades and holiday celebration in the history of the metropolis. Fortunate are they who have residences or places of business on the lines of march. But for others, and for strangers who come to town, there will be large stands erected in the streets and public parks, where there will be sitting-room for very many thousands. This great festival is to celebrate the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. The great day of the festivities will be Wednesday, October 12th, which, by the act of the Legislature, has been made a public holiday. It is expected that at least half a million of strangers will be in town on that day, and nearly as many on the two days preceding. On Wednesday, certainly if the weather be fair, and on Monday and Tuesday before, a very great proportion of the population of New York and Brooklyn and the surrounding towns will be in the city streets, so those who are wise and provident will make the best arrangements they can as early as possible to see what may be seen in these three busy days. This in brief is the order of exercises for the week:

Saturday, *October 8th*—Religious observances in the synagogues.

Sunday, *October 9th*—Religious observances in the Catholic and Protestant churches and places of worship.

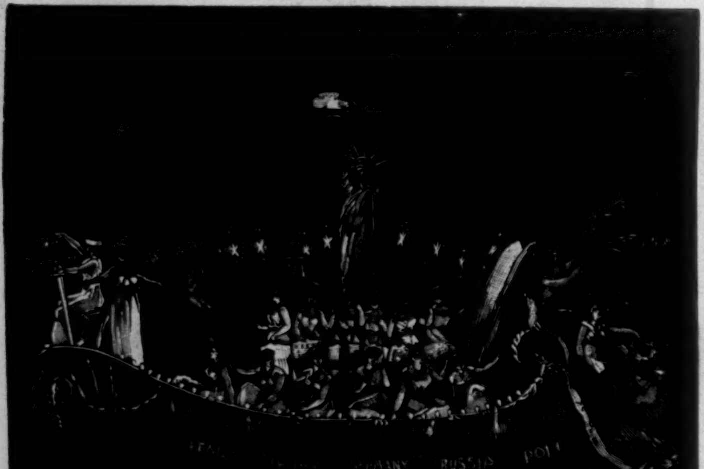
Monday, *October 10th*—Parade of college students and all school-children—Pratt's cantata of "Columbus Triumphant"—Opening art exhibition.

Tuesday, *October 11th*—Naval parade—Night parade of Catholic societies—German-American chorus at Seventh Regiment Armory.

Wednesday, *October 12th*—Military parade—Dedication of the Columbus Monument—Grand night pageant.

Thursday, *October 13th*—Banquet at the Lenox Lyceum.

Last winter the Legislature, in the act alluded to, authorized the city officers to spend $50,000 on the celebration. The Mayor appointed a committee of one hundred citizens to take charge of the parades, the decorations, and other matters pertaining to the festivities. Before the plans for an appropriate celebration were matured it was found that this sum was inadequate, and contributions were solicited from public-spirited citizens. These contributions and the income from the sale of seats on the grand stands will swell the amount at the committee's disposal to $150,000, and this sum, it is thought, will suffice to pay all expenses.



LIBERTY FLOAT.

The religious observances of Saturday and Sunday will be special in their nature, and consist largely of music. On Monday the street parades will begin with one of college students and school-children. Not less than 40,000 persons will march in this parade, which will start from Washington Square at ten o'clock in the morning. It will march north through Fifth Avenue to Fourteenth Street, and then east through Fourteenth Street to the east side of Union Square, where it will turn north again to Seventeenth Street, then west to Fifth Avenue, where it will take up its northward march again to Forty-seventh Street, where the parade will disband. This arrangement enables large stands to be erected on Washington Square, Union Square, and Madison Square. As the parade passes around three sides of Union Square, there will be an opportunity at this point for great multitudes to see the marching hosts of youngsters. In the evening of this day an Art Loan Exhibition will be opened in the National Academy of Design, and at Carnegie's Music Hall will be rendered Pratt's cantata, "The Triumph of Columbus."

Tuesday will be Naval Parade day. There will be about fifty government ships in line, consisting of war-ships, cruisers, revenue-cutters, and light-house tenders; about one hundred vessels of the merchant marine; steamers of the Fire, Police, and Dock departments, and several foreign men-of-war. Commodore Kane, of the navy, has charge of this parade, which will start in the Lower Bay, pass up through the Narrows, be saluted at Governors Island, and then steam up the North River, which will be kept as free as possible of boats. Tuesday afternoon there will be an athletic carnival at Manhattan Field, Eighth Avenue and 155th Street. In the evening, at the Seventh Regiment Armory, there will be a chorus, 6000 strong, of German-American societies, and a concert will be held, at which both Mr. Harrison and Mr. Cleveland are expected to be present. That evening, also, the Catholic societies will parade in the streets.

Then Wednesday the general holiday. The rising sun will be greeted by salutes from the naval vessels and the forts in the harbor, and flags will be raised on all public buildings. The character of the day parade will be military, and more than 100,000 uniformed men are expected to be in line, and under the command of General Martin T. McMahon, the Grand Marshal. This parade will begin in Broadway at the Post-office, and march north to Fourth Street, out which it will go to Washington Square. Thence it will be the same as the parade of Monday, except that it will continue further up Fifth Avenue, and not be dismissed until it gets to Fifty-ninth Street. At Madison Square it will be reviewed by the President of the United States, if he can leave Washington. At the close of the military parade the Columbus Monument at Fifty-ninth Street and Eighth Avenue will be unveiled.

Wednesday evening the city will be illuminated, and also the Brooklyn Bridge, from which elaborate and novel fire-works will be set off. But the public will probably be more interested in the grand pageant that will start up Broadway from the Battery, and after reaching the Post-office take up the same line of march as that mentioned for the morning military parade. This will in many regards be somewhat like those attractive mardi-gras pageants which attract multitudes of visitors to New Orleans every year, but it is expected that this Columbian pageant will be grander than any ever held in this country before. The following is the order of the pageant:

Platoon of Mounted Police.
Body of Cycling Clubs with Lanterns.
Mounted Cavaliers carrying banners announcing the Triumph of America.
Twelve Heralds mounted and carrying trumpets.
Cappa's Seventh Regiment Band—fifty pieces.
Grand Marshal—Colonel John J. Garnett.
Car of Fame.
Group of Indians.
Car of Prehistoric America.
Group of Toltecs.
Float—Homage to Columbus.
Group of Spanish Court.
Float—Santa Maria.
Mounted Cavalcade.

Float—Car of Liberty, preceded by a Group of Colonists.
Puritan Wedding—John Alden and Priscilla.
Group of Dutch Colonists.
William Penn and Quakers.
Fourteenth Regiment Band.
General Washington and Staff.
Mounted Chiefs of the Allied Indian Tribes.
Float—Model of the Capitol at Washington.
Group of Veterans and Naval Cadets.
Mounted Marshals carrying banners.
Float—The Press.
Float—Poetry and Romance.
Float—Music.
Float—Science.
Float—Supremacy of the American Woman.
Band—fifty pieces.
Float—The United Oceans.
Float—Columbia's Car of State.
Battalion of Progress.
Band—fifty pieces.
Float—Car of Electra.
Red Men.

These floats, pictures of which are printed in this paper, will all be illuminated by electricity, the capacities of which in street decorations and parades had not been fully tested until the recent Grand Army of the Republic Encampment in Washington. Indeed, there may be a few more of these floats in the pageant, for several were under advisement, but not decided on, when this number of the Weekly went to press. The houses along the whole line of the various parades will be decorated with appropriate bunting and flags, and on the evening of the pageant these houses will be brilliantly illuminated. Again will the effective electric lamp be called into service. In the school parade there will be thirty thousand United States flags carried, and spectators, however foreign, will learn that, however many flags may fly in this country, one flag dominates all the rest. The Columbian Arch at the Fifth Avenue entrance to Central Park, a picture of which was printed in a recent edition of this paper, will be lighted by electricity, as will also be the other temporary arches in other parts of the town.

The celebration will end Thursday with a banquet at the Lenox Lyceum. This was to have been held at the Metropolitan Opera-house, recently destroyed by fire. This dinner will be elaborate, and will be attended by President Harrison, ex-President Cleveland, the Governors of various of the States, and high officers of the army and navy, besides many representatives of foreign powers. The grand stands for invited guests will be on the City Hall, Union Square, Washington Square, Madison Square, around the Worth Monument, and at the entrance to Central Park. There will also be public stands at each of these places, and half of the seats on each of such stands are free to the first comers. For reserved seats the fee is from fifty cents to three dollars, and money so collected goes towards defraying the expenses of the celebration.

There will be two novel features of the celebration. In front of the reservoir on Fifth Avenue between Fortieth and Forty-second streets will be a stand for school-girls. These will sing national and patriotic songs. Also, in Union Square, near the statue of Lafayette, there will be a stand for school-girls. This will hold 6000. These girls will be so dressed and seated that they will present the appearance of a flag of the United States.

"CONDUCT TO THE PREJUDICE."

BY GEORGE I. PUTNAM.

Armstrong had made the necessary arrangements with the first sergeant, so that his absence at reveille would not be reported. No one else in the company could do that sort of thing. The first sergeant was an old soldier, and he held the rukies and the men who handled a rifle like a pole to a strict account. But Armstrong was a soldier and a gentleman; he would abuse no man's favor. So when he said, quietly, "Sergeant, I've got a little matter to attend to in the early morning, and have to be back for police call; I'd like to skip reveille," the old sergeant nodded "All right." Enough was said.

The corporal of the first relief came through the squad-room as he went on duty and shook Armstrong. The man awoke like a soldier, by the motions. Opened his eyes, one; sat up, two; on his feet, dressed, three; went about his business, four—that was Armstrong.

Armstrong's gun was in the rack with the others. It was locked in. That was not as he wanted it, for a gun was likely to come in handy on an early morning *pasear* out of old Fort Concho. But he got some assorted cartridges and the company shot-gun. His lip curled at it; he wanted a piece that was satisfied with one pill at a time. But he took what he could get, and made the best of it. That was Armstrong all over.

Then he went out softly, and stood alone under the soft, unstreaked saffron of the coming day. It was faintly clear, and the air so cool, so pure, that his satisfaction at the inhalation shone in his eyes. And he stepped off across the parade-ground to the west with a light, springy movement fit for twenty miles without stopping.

Out past the hospital, along the bluff by the river, and over the swell he went. He set a community of prairie-dogs, out after water, in a scurry and chatter of fear by his sudden appearance. He struck into the pecan woods, and passed rapidly among their heavy trunks. As he went quickly, and yet so intelligently that not a dry limb cracked underfoot, he kept an eye out for something to shoot, and sorted his cartridges to suit the occasion. What he aspired to was a handsome white-tail buck; but for the sake of the company mess he would gather in a few quail if he could do no better. And he was going up to the dark pools, two miles further on, to look at the lines he had set the night before; for channel cat were running, and one of those fish would not come amiss in the company. He had not thought it worth while to explain to the first sergeant the innocent nature of his errand; and the first sergeant had not thought it worth while to inquire. Whatever it was, it was all right.

Then he came to the thick grove that extended to the high clay bank above his particular pool. He had set a line in the swift ripple at the head, and he quickened his step in expectation as he reached the bank and plunged down the steep incline to the water's edge.

The line was swaying freely with the running water. "Drawn a blank, likely," said Armstrong, disappointedly. He drew the line in hand over hand till he held the hook. The bait was cleaned off in a businesslike way. "I like that!" said Armstrong. "It was all I had."

It was an uncommon piece of luck for Armstrong. When a fish recklessly ventured near his bait it was generally all day with that fish. And now, as he looked critically at the hook, the surest of all in his assortment, he did not see how a cat could have taken the bait and escaped capture. The build of the mouth of the fish is not suited to wantoning with carefully baited hooks. A gar might have taken it, but a gar would have broken the hook.

He looked up, and around, and down, puzzled. He did not know what to make of it. His eye fell upon the footprints of a man in the soft mud. "Army brogans!" whistled Armstrong as he looked at the marks.

He gathered up the line and stowed it in his pocket. He took out a buckshot cartridge, examined the base, satisfied himself that the cap was all it should be, and laid it in the chamber of the gun. He half-cocked the piece. This was all done methodically. Then, with more care than ever, he began to follow the footprints.

They were those of but one man. They led sharply up from the water to the chaparral that crowded to the bank, and there could not be traced. But a wavering little trail showed where something had lately forced a way through, and Armstrong broke along the same opening. He was the best hunter in the post, and could stalk a deer on an open prairie; now he employed tactics fully as cautious. Man-stalking is quite as ticklish a job as deer-stalking. If the deer is alarmed, he will run away; but the man—well, in those days men around old Fort Concho went armed.

Armstrong crept along cautiously, tenaciously. Now and then he stopped to listen. At one of these times he thought he heard a voice in the near distance ahead. Then he redoubled his care. Shortly he came to the limit of the chaparral. Beyond, there was a sweep of clean country, with great pecan-trees over it. Mexican carters sometimes made camps there. Under one of the trees Armstrong saw a man; he was kneeling over a small heap of leaves and sticks, with which he was about to start a blaze. A revolver lay on the ground beside him. At his hand was a fish, cleaned and ready for the fire.

Armstrong knew the man in a moment. He had been a member of one of the companies in the garrison. Two days before he had been put in the guard-house on a charge of desertion from another regiment. There were always a few deserters in the guard-house awaiting court-martial before being sent to the Leavenworth military penitentiary. This case had, therefore, excited no special comment. The facts about it were of little interest to the lump of the men. It might be that some would not have cared for a too close examination into their own records. Armstrong knew this man was a prisoner, but did not know he had escaped. His duty as a soldier was plain to him; he should return the deserter to the guard. It occurred to him then that the deserter had been a very decent sort of a soldier—too good a man for the penitentiary—and he wondered why he had deserted.

The man lay in such fancied security, and was so carelessly happy about it, that Armstrong could but watch him. He recognized the good policy of stopping within a few miles of the post, while the patrols were searching for him on a big circle. Once Armstrong half turned to creep away and leave the man in liberty, but a second thought of his obligations kept him from it. Then he saw the fish, and was determined to have it. So he staid, and watched for a favorable moment to surprise the man.

The thin smoke began to curl up from the fire now, and the deserter looked at it with satisfaction. He sat, and raised his voice in a soldier ditty:

"'No more I'll stitch, no more I'll sew,
My thimble and my needle to the winds I'll throw,
And I'll go and ship for a soldier.'

"Yes, I will—ship for a horse-marine.... Fellow in my luck—running away—mania for desertion, that's what ails me.... Last time, though; and I thank.... *Caramba!* But I'm fixed, though—nixy money, tobacco *bastante*, present of fish for breakfast.... All I want...."

He stood up and began to cut tobacco from a plug for his pipe. He was yet full of song:

"'There was an old soldier and he had a wooden leg,
But he had no tobacco, so tobacco he would beg.
Said the sailor to the soldier, Why don't you save yonr rocks?
And then you'll have tobacco in your old tobacco-box'...."

Armstrong stepped out into the open and raised his gun. "I've got the drop on you," he called.

The man turned steadily and looked at him. Then, without a word, he raised his hands above his head. He glanced once at his revolver lying on the ground, but he could not reach for it.

Armstrong came up, kicked the revolver away, and took possession of it. Then he lowered his gun. "You're my prisoner," said he. "Don't try to come any tricks."

The man dropped his hands and sat down. "I made a big mistake," said he. "I'd orter drawn your fire first thing."

"I shouldn't have missed you," said Armstrong.

"Course not. That's what I said. I made a mistake. Life's too short to be spent in the pen. Well, what do you think of it?" and he laughed in a reckless sort of a way.

"I think you've got my fish," said Armstrong. "You're a smart one to make a break like that! You might have known I'd follow you. You deserve to be caught."

"Oh, I didn't know it was you," rejoined the deserter. "Anybody else would have said a gar done it. My luck, though.... it's getting so I can count on it for this sort of thing right along. Maybe I'll kick out again. If I do, I won't make any mistake about the safe road out of the country."

Armstrong said nothing for a little. He was looking at the man, and thinking what hard luck it was that he should be caught, and have the penalty he could not dodge staring him in the face. The deserter had intelligence, and he did not talk just like the run of the men. It was a queer sort of justice, he thought, that would condemn this man to imprisonment and leave the country's soldiering to less worthy hands. Finally he said,

"What made you do it?"

"What—desert?"

Armstrong nodded.

"That's a good one. Say, what made you enlist?"

The look on Armstrong's face made him laugh again.

"You don't know me, do you?" said he. "Now let me tell you. Once there was a fine young man, back in—well, you can put him in the section you're thinking of. He was a college man, and was going into the law. He began reading in the office of Judge. There! I almost forgot you were to make the details to suit yourself. Judge had daughter; young lawyer loved her; another man—bad—loved her too. Reg'lar play; ain't it, Armstrong? Only there isn't any third act for things to come out right in. For the other young man got into the Judge's good graces, and the young lawyer into his bad ones. So he had to leave the office; and he was forbid the house. And the bad young man mar—"

"Stop it!" shouted Armstrong, half raising the gun.

"*Si, si!* I beg your pardon, Armstrong. If you'd shot then I wouldn't have blamed you; I'd 'a' been glad. You didn't think anybody savvied your history, did you? Well, they don't—only me. I'm from your part of the country, and every one there knew you ten years ago. I never spoke it to any one, Armstrong; and there's my hand on it."

Armstrong shook hands with him. "Go on, old man," said he. "I was a little hasty—I'm forgetting nowadays, and it's hard work—and I ain't in the way of being reminded. Never mind me."

"'S all right. Now, you say, what made me desert? Same thing—a woman. Only, I've got myself to blame; that's all. It will be all over the post in a day. I'll tell you. Did it hurt to speak of your....? *Dios!* I'll bleed to tell mine. It ain't that way. I just married her....she was so fair to see. This marrying, Armstrong, it's make or break with a man. Mine was break. I couldn't stay with her at all....Never mind the why. I left all I had so she could have it, and I enlisted....assumed name....no idea she would ever get track of me. Why she should want to I don't know. There was no money in it for her.... But she took a kind of pleasure in running me down. Chased me to the post, and claimed me as her husband. Said how I abused her and deserted her—you'd 'a' thought she'd suffered hell's tortures. So one night I slipped out of the reservation and left her there. Left a good record as a soldier too. Something of a sacrifice, eh? Well, it wasn't too great. Only it was no use. Six months later she corralled me again. Didn't hesitate to say I was a deserter. That showed she didn't want me—didn't care for me—only scheming to do me up. I skipped again....Now I've been here three months. Not a straighter man in garrison, eh? She goes from post to post till she finds me here. Comes at me....I'm thrown in the pen....shoe-making four years at Leavenworth, sure as fate....Would you desert? If you hadn't got me, I'd 'a' made down for Mexico....No more army for me. Plenty to do there....good chances....man can turn a grub-stake into a fortune in six months. But you're too much of a soldier to dodge your plain duty.... and I play no tricks on you, Armstrong. Go ahead. I'll beat it out of some of these fool rukies on guard yet."

Armstrong got up. "You did me a favor, you know. Well, I must be going; I'm on fatigue duty to-day. Good-by."

He shook hands with the deserter. He turned straight away and walked out of the open. The deserter, incredulous, stood staring after him.

"Oh, *hombre!* Say! You forgot something!" he called at last. But Armstrong held on his way, never looking back.

Then the deserter gathered his senses and smiled grimly to himself. "Muy gracias, Señor Armstrong," he murmured. "It is a good turn, and I won't forget it. And blamed if you didn't leave me your knife and tobacco! That's good of you. It will be long enough before I get a new supply." He gathered the things up and put them in his pockets. "Guess I'd better hunt a safer place. This seems kinder risky." Then he disappeared in the chaparral on the opposite side.

As he neared camp, Armstrong met a squad of cavalry coming at a round trot under charge of a corporal. They pulled up and hailed him. "Hello, there! Did you see anything of Williams? He's deserted—cut a way out of the guard-house—and that wife of his just a-raising perticular—"

In the dust of the horses Armstrong's attitude and shake of the head might have been taken to mean almost anything. He held up a small object to their view. "Look what a rascally gar did for me," said he. "Took my bait, and broke the best hook ever came out of the sutler's store. Well, *adios!* Going for a long *pasear?*"

SOME STATUES IN CARACAS.

The South Americans are great people as far as liberty is concerned. Unfortunately they seem restricted to the personal application of the word, and if a President fails to please all of them individually, that President is very likely to have a revolution on his hands. The outside world never troubles itself to any extent with these outbursts unless one of the large nations becomes involved in the struggle on account of having allowed an armed revolutionary vessel to sail from some of its ports in violation of its treaty. Even then it seldom amounts to more than a few hundred pages of diplomatic correspondence. At present a revolution is in progress in Venezuela, but it is safe to say that not one person in ten is able to say why they are fighting, what they are fighting for, or even give the names of the opposing parties. Of course the struggle, as in all South American revolutions, is Liberty *vs.* Tyranny; but which party represents one or the other is not generally known. But the people have their ideals of liberty, and of the men who fought for the cause, and at this day there is a certain unanimity in their idols—no matter which party they represent. Simon Bolivar, the great Liberator of South America, is one, and George Washington is another. On the 24th of July, 1883, that day being the centennial of Bolivar's birth, a bronze statue of Washington was erected in Caracas. The work was done in Munich, and to-day the square is known as the Plaza Washington. "The Father of Our Country" has a place in the hearts of all lovers of liberty, and they delight to honor his memory in every way, however much they may scorn the present government, and the statue in the square at Caracas is a tribute to his greatness.

But it takes time for a man to be recognized as a patriot in Venezuela. A great general by the name of Antonio Guzman Blanco, who whipped his opponents and got himself elected President, was once highly honored. The name of Blanco is comparatively well known, but in order to perpetuate his memory he set up two statues of himself in Caracas and one in Valencia. The gentleman found it advisable to leave the country in 1887, shortly after his Presidential career was finished, and go to Paris. In November, 1890, the populace became rampant, and tore down the memorials that the great general had reared himself—it was apparent that he was not such a type of liberator as at first he seemed. The best reason given for the demolition of the statues is the answer of a young Venezuelan patriot of this day, who, being questioned, answered, "He was a tyr-r-rant." The rolling "r" was like the call to arms or the rattle of musketry, and thoroughly convincing. But while statues of their own ex-Presidents and generals are demolished by the ardent lovers of liberty, it is delightful to know that the memory of our first President is still held in high honor.

JOHN VERHOEFF.

LIEUTENANT PEARY'S RETURN TO PHILADELPHIA.

While New York's quarantine station has been for weeks a battle-ground between death and science, that of Philadelphia has seen one of the most inspiring sights that seaport life may show—the return of a successful explorer from his fields of research.

Lieutenant Peary did not make the Philadelphia quarantine the terminus of his voyage on the morning of September 23d, nor was he even stopped there. It was off Tinicum Island, however, Philadelphia's quarantine, that a craft was sighted by those aboard the three tugs which bore the committee of the Academy of Natural Sciences, city officials, and others to greet the arctic path-finder, which looked strange in these waters, until the pilot of the *Stokley*, the police harbor tug, sung out:

"It's the *Kite*. I know her by her crow's-nest. Only whalers have crow's-nests."

The committee of the Academy did not stop to ask the mariner what a crow's-nest was, but told him to head for the stranger, and in a few moments were clasping the hands of the man whose achievement had made their ancient institution more famous, and added to their city's pride in the lamented Kane its pride in the wiser and therefore unlamented Peary.

Philadelphia Harbor is renowned for curious naval spectacles—more so than for commerce. Of late years there have been in quick succession the arrival of the *Missouri* with the 700 passengers of the *Dunmark*, the most successful rescue in maritime annals, the sailing of the *Indiana* with the city's gift of food to the starving Russians, and for the launching of the wonderful string of modern war-ships whose names have become household words. But no more remarkable sight was ever seen there than when, the *Kite* having made fast at Pier 46, a little woman dressed in blue pushed through the crowd, and looking up at the weather-beaten face of the explorer, asked, "Lieutenant Peary, where is my brother?"

It was Miss Verhoeff, the sister of the unfortunate young geologist of the expedition, whose life, through his passion for individual research, was the only one lost on the expedition.

"Miss Verhoeff, I do not know," answered the Lieutenant; and then the somewhat inopportune encounter was broken in upon by the pressure of the admiring crowd, eager, as Philadelphia always is, to take a day off at lionizing.

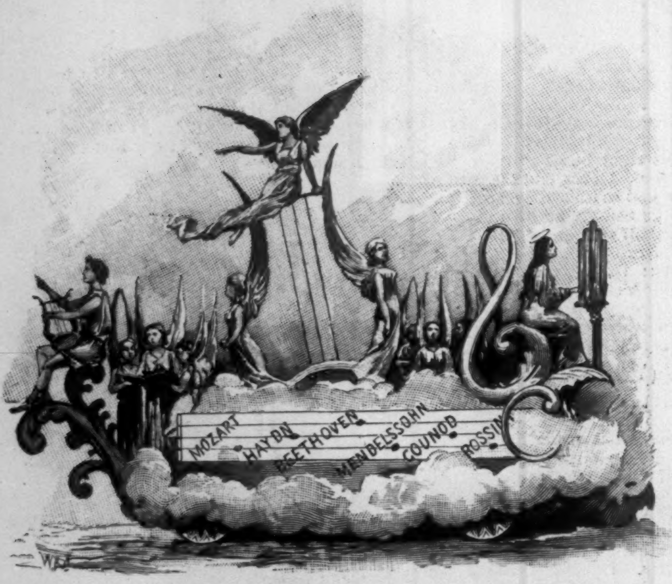
Miss Verhoeff's question was not left, however, without full and formal answer, and this very properly and fortunately came, not from the explorer himself, but from Professor M. A. Heilprin, the scientist in charge of the *Kite's* two expeditions on behalf of the Academy of Natural Sciences. It was made at the meeting of the Academy on the evening of September 27th, when Lieutenant Peary returned the silk flag which the Academy had given him to bear to the highest point on the east coast of Greenland, and made a formal report of his discoveries. Professor Heilprin said, according to the next day's *Public Ledger:* "Twenty-two to twenty-five persons, including nine of the most active of the Esquimaux, were engaged in a scattered search, which resulted in the discovery of final traces in the lateral ice of a huge glacier discharging into the eastern extremity of the first bay lying north of McCormick Bay. Satisfied on the close of the seventh day that nothing could be revealed through a further search, the united parties regretfully returned to McCormick Bay, on the northwest approach to which, on Cairn Point, on Cape Robertson, a cache of supplies was left by Lieutenant Peary."

This, while it will not assuage the grief of the sister of the missing man, nor, perhaps, dispel the delusion that her brother is wandering, deserted by his commander, in arctic solitudes, will probably cause reflection as to the wisdom of insinuations against the explorer made haphazard and fragmentarily in the public prints.

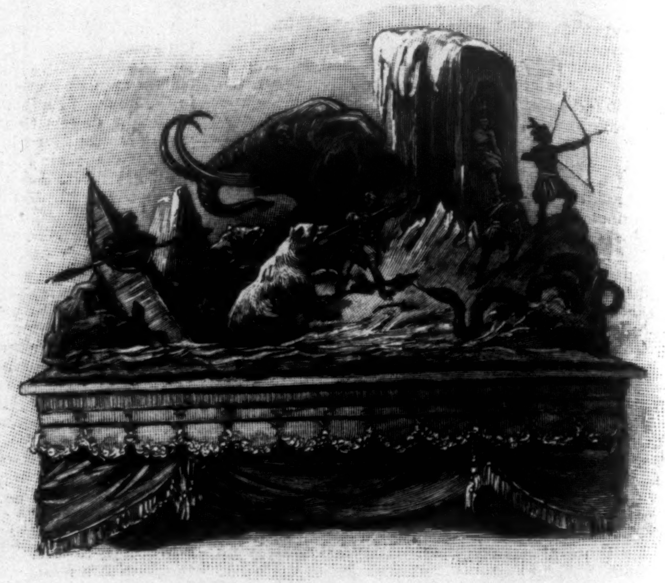
From what has been gleaned of young Verhoeff's characteristics from his former classmates at Yale, it would seem that his was a courage and nature fitted for great deeds of endurance under wise direction, but also for running into fool-hardiness when left to itself.

Philadelphia's jubilation over the explorer's return lasted nearly a week, and was wound up on the evening of September 28th by a reception to which 1400 invitations were issued, and at which the Lieutenant's brave and beautiful wife more than divided his honors with him.

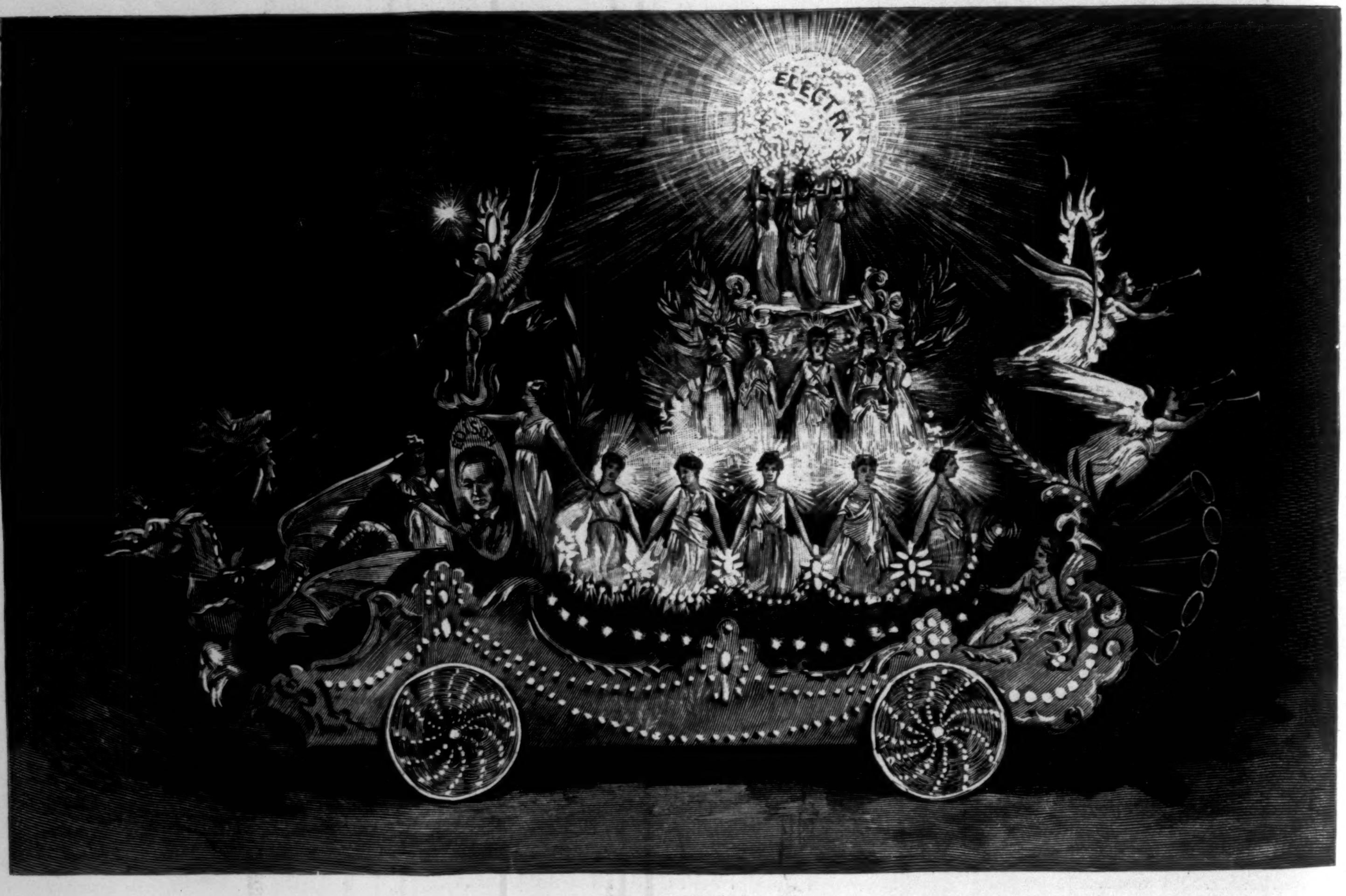
A. E. Watrous.


MOZART
HAYDN
BEETHOVEN
MENDELSSOHN
GOUNOD
ROSSINI

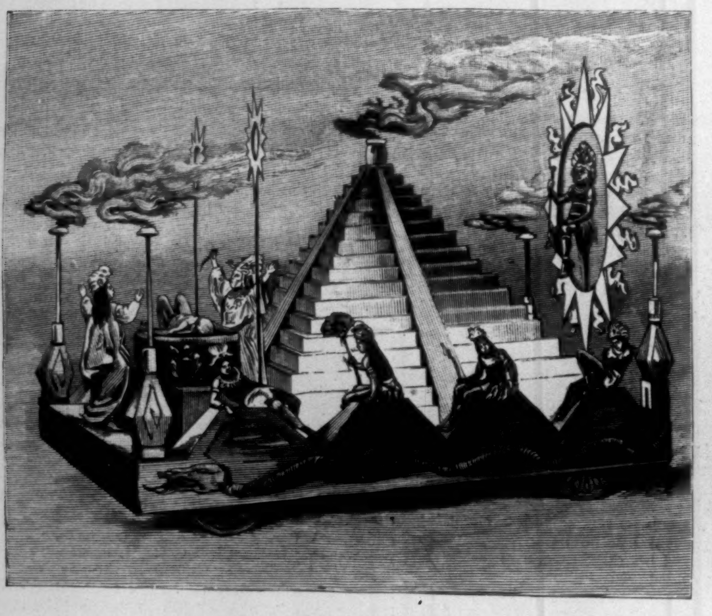
THE MUSIC FLOAT.



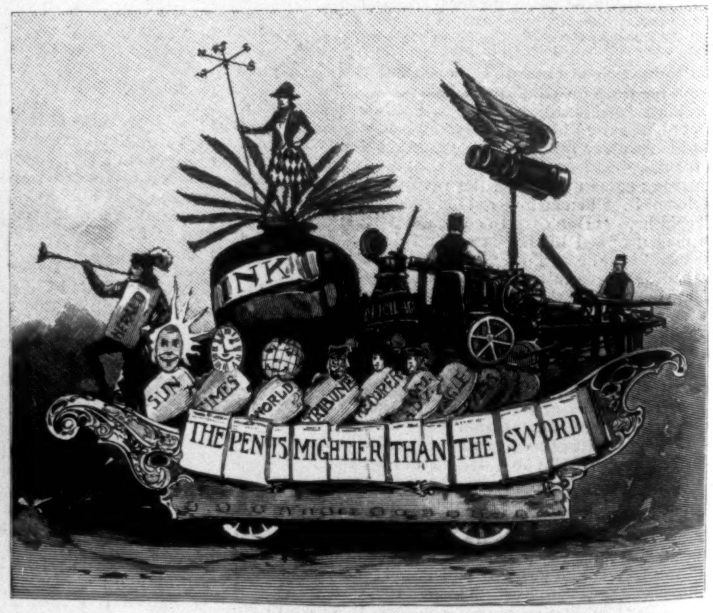
THE PREHISTORIC-AGE FLOAT.



THE EDISON FLOAT.



THE SUN-WORSHIPPERS' FLOAT.

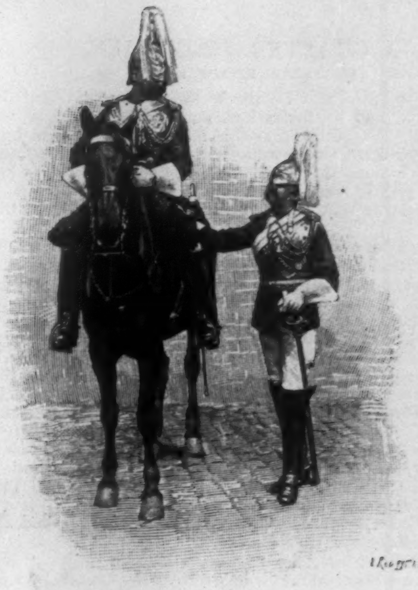

INK
HERALD
SUN
TIMES
WORLD
TRIBUNE
RECORDER
THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

"THE PRESS" FLOAT.

SOME OF THE PROMINENT FLOATS IN THE NEW YORK COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION.—[SEE PAGE 966.]

Dieu et mon droit

LONDON

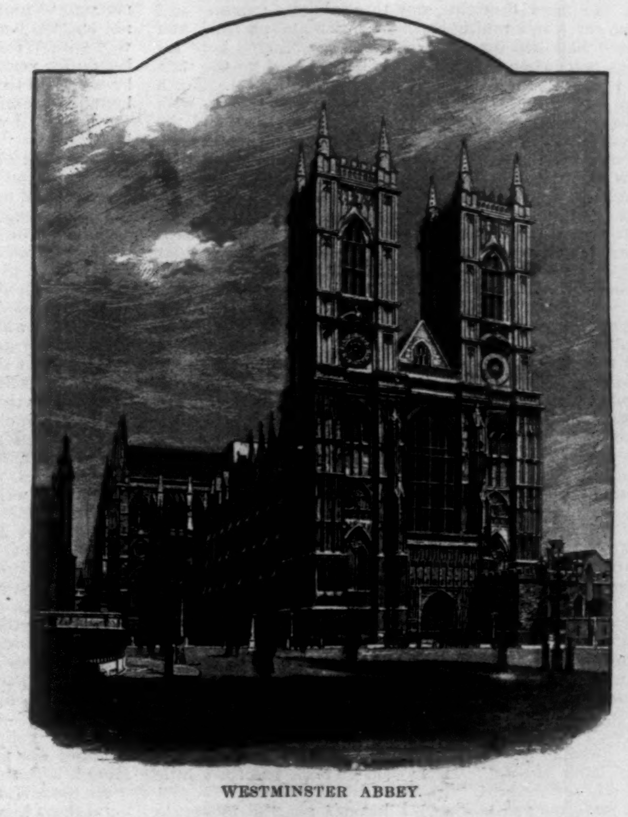


HORSE-GUARDS.

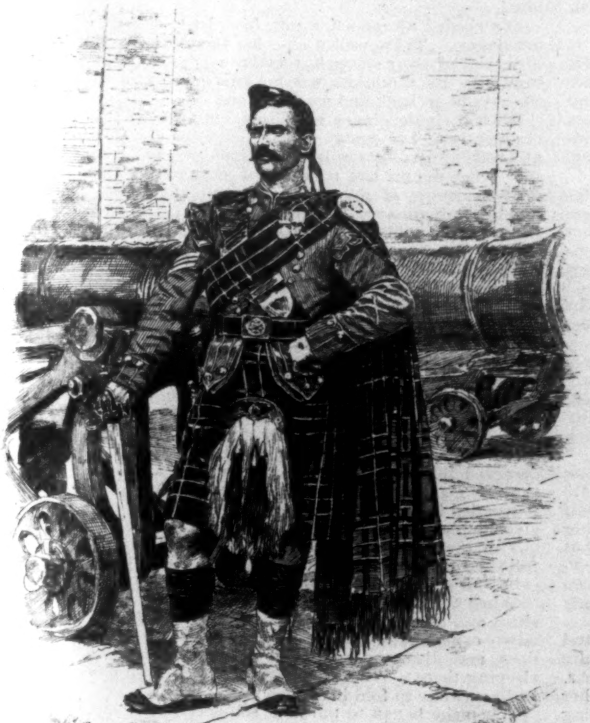
WHEN the editors asked me to write on "London" I was appalled at the magnitude of the task, but when they added "in twenty pages," I shrank, not so much from a difficult as from an impossible undertaking. I ventured also to question their choice of person. If any one were to attempt a "London in twenty pages," why should I be that one? They told me that, on the one hand, I had shown some acquaintance with the antiquities and history of my own parish—the village of palaces of the West End from Henry VIII. to Queen Anne—and, on the other hand, in the capacity of Chairman of a Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes, had had to conduct a personal investigation into the condition of the centre—Clerkenwell—of the south side, and of the East End. "London city of contrasts," said the editors; "so we want a writer who has some acquaintance with East and West, with rich and poor." "But a London in twenty pages!" I replied. "Give me rather the simpler contrasts of St. Petersburg—the gloomy fortress and the brilliant Nevsky. Give me Constantinople, with the glowing Bosporus, and on its branch the Golden Horn, the crape-robed bishops of the churches of Asia in the twilight of their Council-Chamber at the mouldering Phanar. Give me Tokio; give me anything but London, a London in twenty pages, or let me off." The editors were inexorable, and I must try. If one must be confined within close limits, it is better not to attempt a mere list of names, such as guide-books give, but to sketch, in even fewer than the twenty pages, one or two salient features of our great town.

There is a walk which well exhibits mediæval London. It starts, as every tour through London ought to start, from the Tower. To Frenchmen I may say that the Tower is our Bastille, but our revolutions have spared or used it. In English early history the Tower played a far greater part than its Parisian rival in that of France. Tradition as well as Shakespeare tells us that Julius Cæsar built it; but its great square keep was undoubtedly built by William the Conqueror, and is still a perfect specimen of the fortress architecture of the eleventh century. The world does not possess a spot or building of more interest historically than the Tower of London—the personal castle of the British crown. Foreigners are most concerned in these days perhaps with staring at the Beef-eaters (whose name is only by popular confusion connected with their food)—the Yeomen, whose costumes are the most interesting, the most truly beautiful, in the world—and with the Crown of England, and the Koh-i-noor in the Jewel-house. But in the Tower kings held their courts, and in the Tower those who were to be or should have been the rulers of the country, and those who have been her greatest citizens, have been confined. Stories of the murdered princes; of Queen Elizabeth before her accession to the throne; of the Duke of Clarence and the malmsey butt; of Henry VI.; of Lady Jane Grey; of the Duke of Norfolk; of Queen Anne Boleyn; of Queen Catherine Howard; of the Lord Protector Somerset; of the Duke of Northumberland; of the Earl of Essex; of the Great Oyer of Poisoning; of Baliol, King of Scotland; of William Wallace; of King John of France, the prisoner of Poitiers; of Charles, Duke of Orleans, the prisoner of Agincourt—all the histories and romances woven round the throne are not of greater interest than the more private reminiscences connected with the Tower of Sir Thomas More, of Lord South-

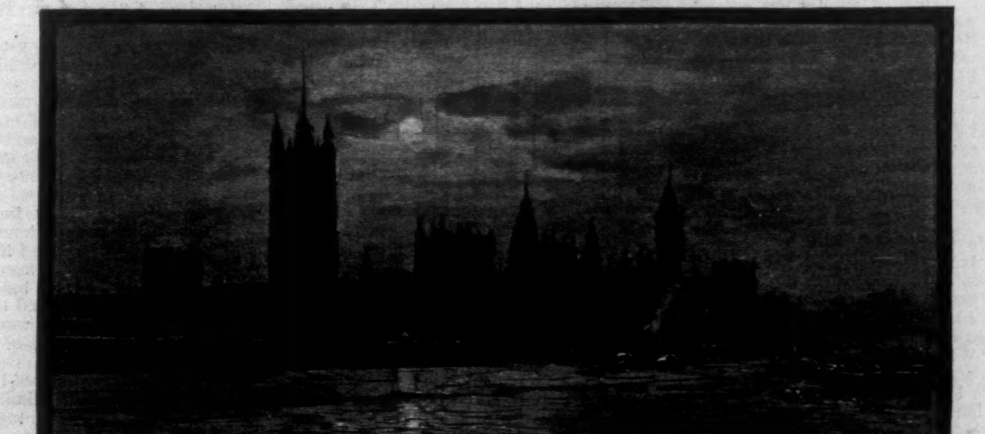
(*Continued on double page.*)



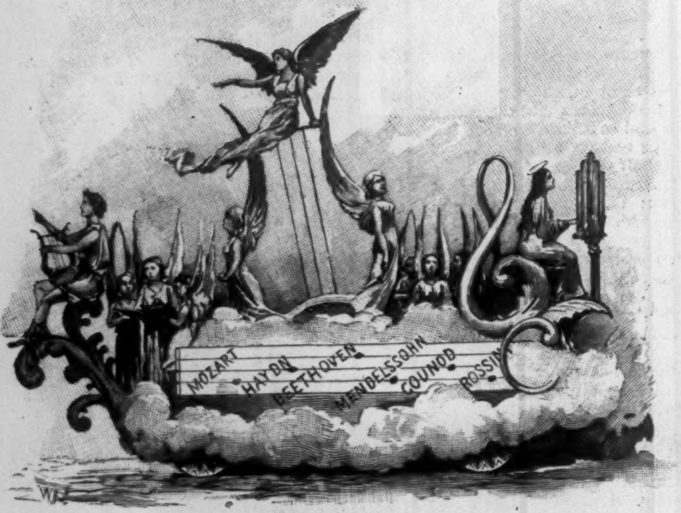
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



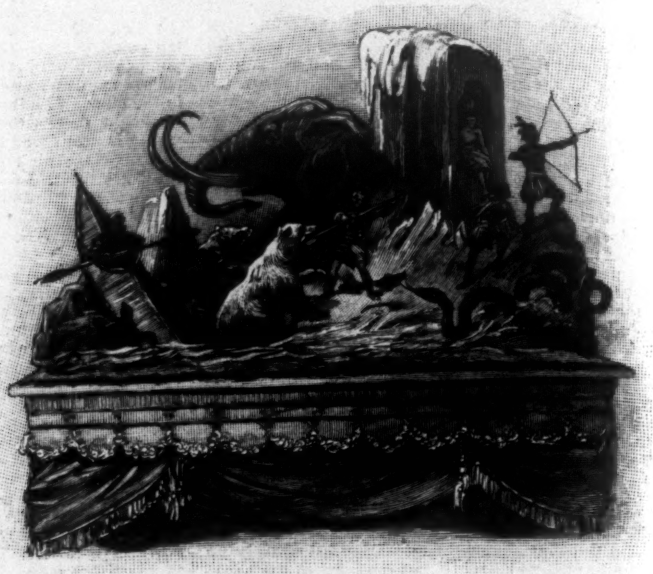
A HIGHLANDER.



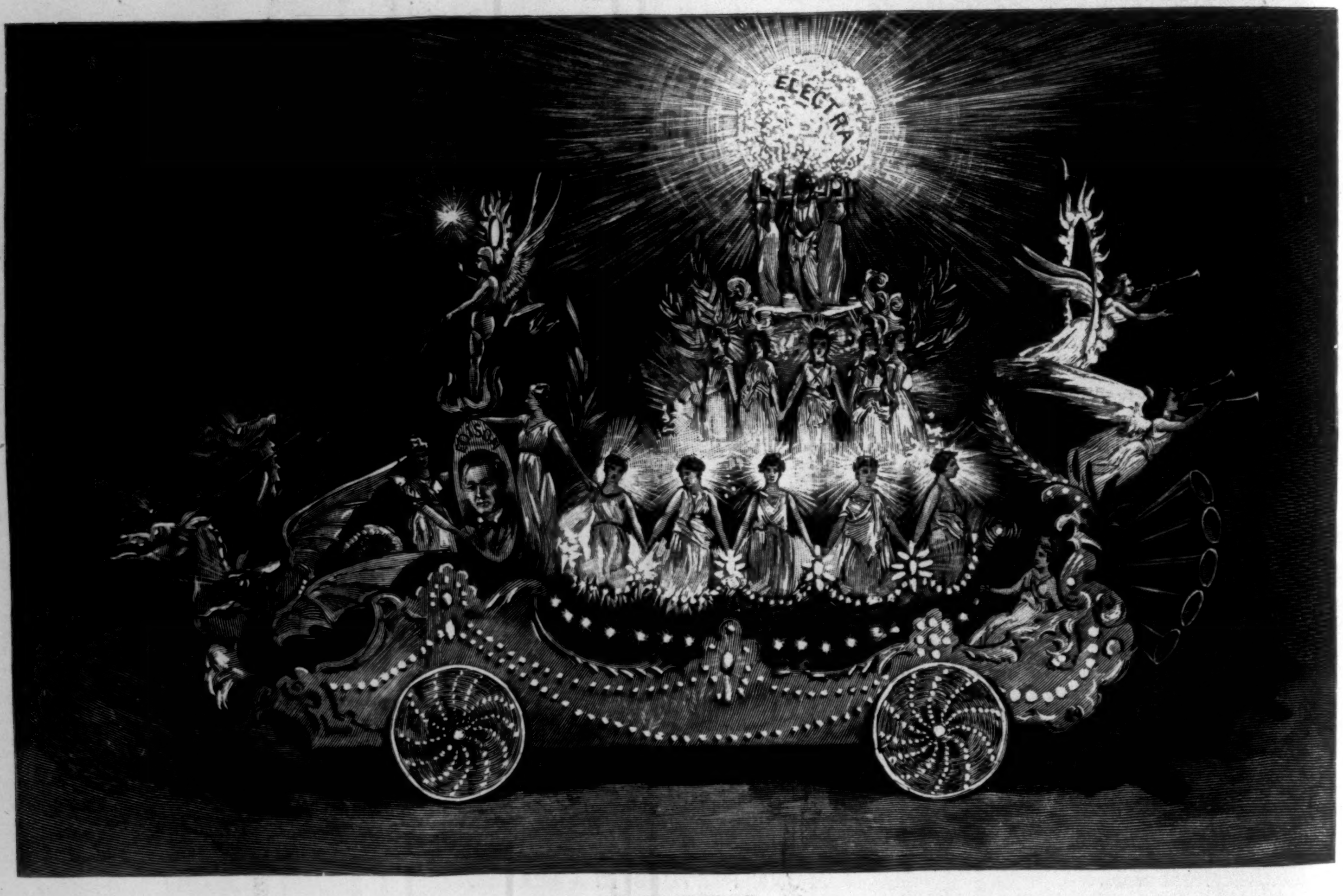
THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.


MOZART
HAYDN
BEETHOVEN
MENDELSSOHN
GOUNOD
ROSSINI

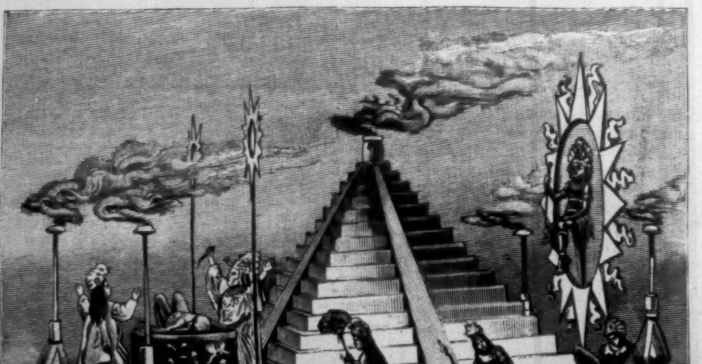
THE MUSIC FLOAT.



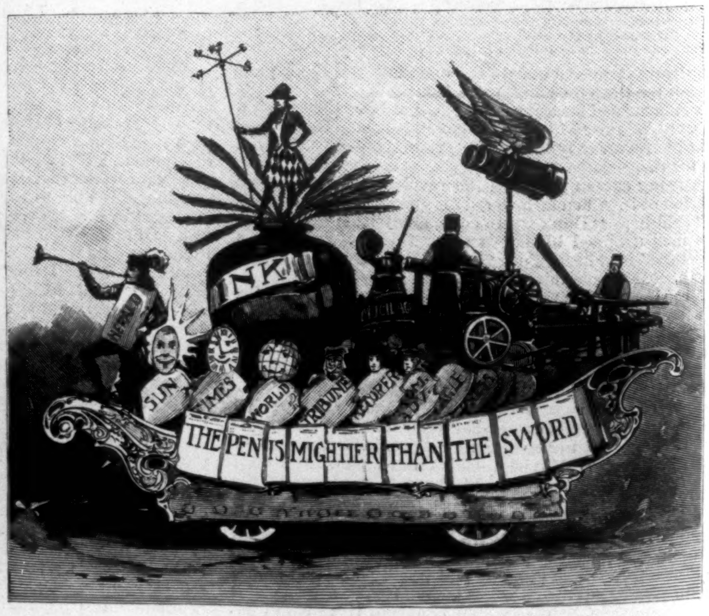
THE PREHISTORIC-AGE FLOAT.


ELECTRA
EDISON

THE EDISON FLOAT.



THE SUN-WORSHIPPERS' FLOAT.

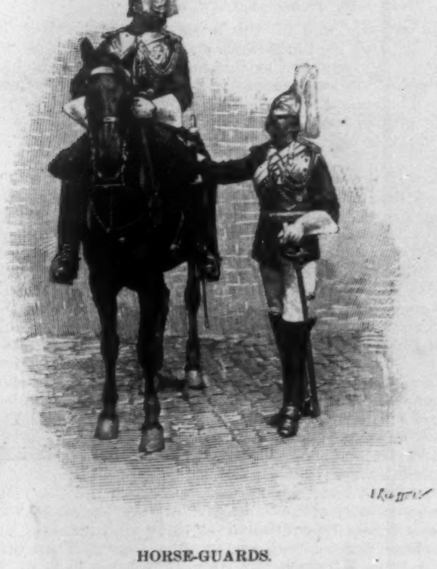

N.Y.
HERALD
SUN
TIMES
WORLD
TRIBUNE
THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

"THE PRESS" FLOAT.

SOME OF THE PROMINENT FLOATS IN THE NEW YORK COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION.—[See Page 966.]

Dieu
et mon
droit

LONDON

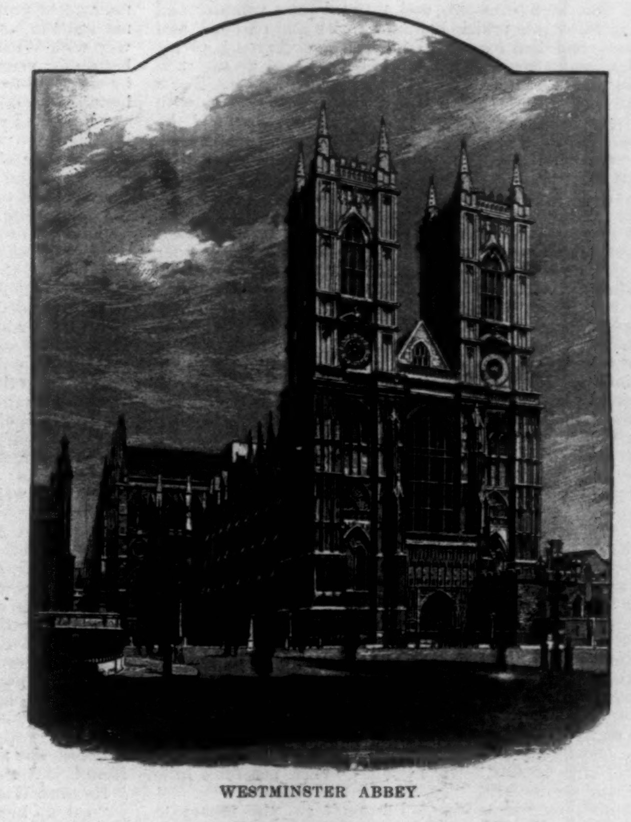


HORSE-GUARDS.

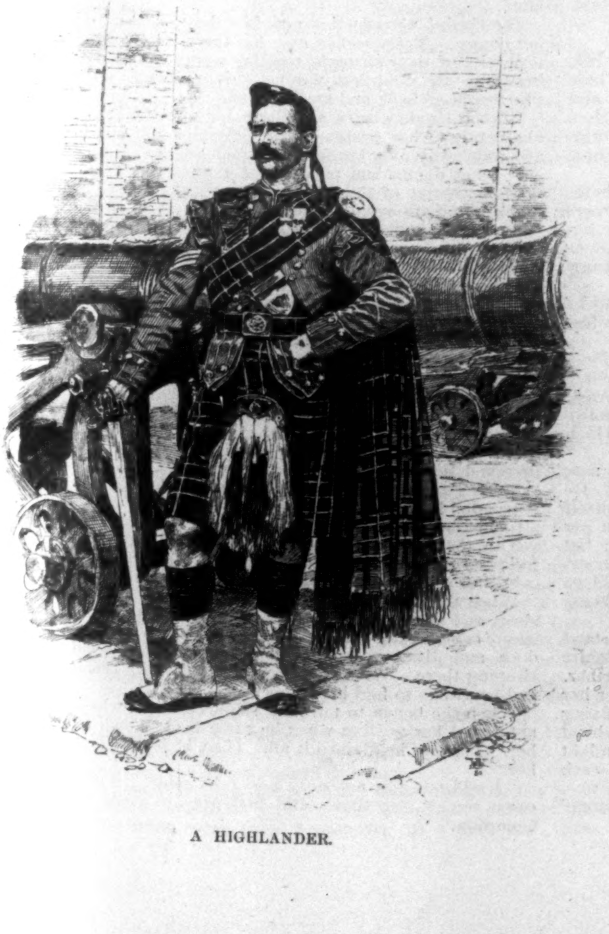
WHEN the editors asked me to write on "London" I was appalled at the magnitude of the task, but when they added "in twenty pages," I shrank, not so much from a difficult as from an impossible undertaking. I ventured also to question their choice of person. If any one were to attempt a "London in twenty pages," why should I be that one? They told me that, on the one hand, I had shown some acquaintance with the antiquities and history of my own parish—the village of palaces of the West End from Henry VIII. to Queen Anne—and, on the other hand, in the capacity of Chairman of a Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes, had had to conduct a personal investigation into the condition of the centre—Clerkenwell—of the south side, and of the East End. "London city of contrasts," said the editors; "so we want a writer who has some acquaintance with East and West, with rich and poor." "But a London in twenty pages!" I replied. "Give me rather the simpler contrasts of St. Petersburg—the gloomy fortress and the brilliant Nevsky. Give me Constantinople, with the glowing Bosporus, and on its branch the Golden Horn, the crape-robed bishops of the churches of Asia in the twilight of their Council-Chamber at the mouldering Phanar. Give me Tokio; give me anything but London, a London in twenty pages, or let me off." The editors were inexorable, and I must try. If one must be confined within close limits, it is better not to attempt a mere list of names, such as guide-books give, but to sketch, in even fewer than the twenty pages, one or two salient features of our great town.

There is a walk which well exhibits mediæval London. It starts, as every tour through London ought to start, from the Tower. To Frenchmen I may say that the Tower is our Bastille, but our revolutions have spared or used it. In English early history the Tower played a far greater part than its Parisian rival in that of France. Tradition as well as Shakespeare tells us that Julius Cæsar built it; but its great square keep was undoubtedly built by William the Conqueror, and is still a perfect specimen of the fortress architecture of the eleventh century. The world does not possess a spot or building of more interest historically than the Tower of London—the personal castle of the British crown. Foreigners are most concerned in these days perhaps with staring at the Beef-eaters (whose name is only by popular confusion connected with their food)—the Yeomen, whose costumes are the most interesting, the most truly beautiful, in the world—and with the Crown of England, and the Koh-i-noor in the Jewel-house. But in the Tower kings held their courts, and in the Tower those who were to be or should have been the rulers of the country, and those who have been her greatest citizens, have been confined. Stories of the murdered princes; of Queen Elizabeth before her accession to the throne; of the Duke of Clarence and the malmsey butt; of Henry VI.; of Lady Jane Grey; of the Duke of Norfolk; of Queen Anne Boleyn; of Queen Catherine Howard; of the Lord Protector Somerset; of the Duke of Northumberland; of the Earl of Essex; of the Great Oyer of Poisoning; of Baliol, King of Scotland; of William Wallace; of King John of France, the prisoner of Poitiers; of Charles, Duke of Orleans, the prisoner of Agincourt—all the histories and romances woven round the throne are not of greater interest than the more private reminiscences connected with the Tower of Sir Thomas More, of Lord South-

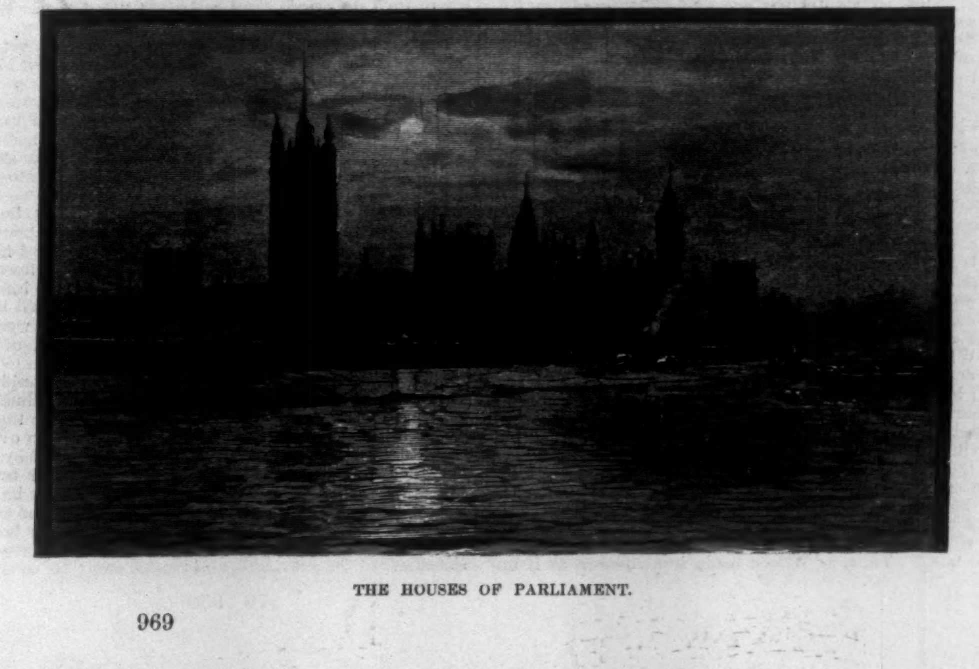
(*Continued on double page.*)



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



A HIGHLANDER.



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

A CHAPTER FROM LIFE.

BY JAMES KNAPP REEVE.

It was summer, and all the world was green. But this green world had its limitations, and while boundless, was yet narrow. Paradoxical as this may seem, it was at least true as regards the two persons with whom we are most concerned. To them the world was a prison-house, although the wide prairie reached out before their cabin door with never a break to that far-away line where the earth and the sky met.

In this way the world was boundless; the horizon was so far-distant that even the children, if there had been any, could never have thought to journey to it. But there were limitations. Axtell and his wife had both been brought up in the hill country of New Hampshire. They had been used to trees and hills, and so the vast level of the plain, guiltless of tree or shrub, except the mesquite that grew in straggling scrawny groups, bore in upon them like a nightmare. Axtell had come out first and built a rude shack, and with his small savings had gathered a flock of sheep about him. Then he left them in charge of his single Mexican herder, and went back East to claim his promised bride.

"I don't quite know as I ought to take you there, Jennie," he had said. "It will be a curious place for a woman. You can't think how lonesome it is."

"It can't be lonesome with you, Will," Jennie had answered, confidently.

"Well, I hope not," he replied, a little grimly. "But when a man is there alone"—he drew a long breath by way of emphasis before he continued—"there ain't many of 'em that can stand it more than six months alone. Then they go clean daft, or if there is two, then they begin to fight. I was there three months; then I began to lay awake nights and be afraid. Afraid of nothing but just the dark and the awful lonesomeness."

The earnestness of his tone awed the girl somewhat, but she kept bravely to her promise.

"We won't have to stay there very long," he said, encouragingly. "Sheep turn into money fast, and in five years we can go up to Laredo, or maybe to San Antonè, and live like kings."

Unfortunately, this halcyon dream had not come true. There had been drought, and through one summer and autumn the whole prairie had lain brown and parched, and the sheep had died for want of grass. But Axtell kept his courage, and when the rains came he gathered up the remnants of his scattered flocks and made a new start. For a season he did well. Then there came a cold winter, with rains and frequent Northers just at lambing-time, and the lambs died by the hundred. They had been here five years now, and Laredo and San Antonè were as far away as ever. This is why the world, which is so broad, seemed so narrow.

Jennie sat in the doorway, looking wistfully off across the rolling prairie. The sun was just dropping below the horizon, leaving a track of flame behind him. "It looks as if the world was on fire over yonder," she said. "I wonder what the sun sees now that it is hidden from us? I remember when I was a child I used to think I should see something very grand and beautiful if only I could get there where the sun goes down, and look out over the edge of the world."

The man beside her gazed contemplatively away into the illumined distance. Once or twice he essayed to speak, to respond to the woman's mood. But his soul was too much oppressed by the realities of existence to give much room to aught else. "I don't like it," he said finally. "When I see the sun go down like that, I am afraid. It was like it that summer. The grass looks fresh and green now, but how long will it stay, with the sun as hot as it has been to-day, and going down like that?"

"I have been thinking to-day," said the woman, "about the hills. I have thought and thought, until once I was almost sure I saw one rise up before me there." She lifted a hand and pointed toward the east as she spoke.

Her husband looked at her anxiously. "Do you want to go back?" he asked; but before she could answer he added, defensively, "I told you it would be lonesome here."

"But you said in five years—"

"Am I to blame," he interrupted, "for the drought and the storms? I have worked hard, and done the best I could for you, Jennie."

"Yes, I know," she said; "but, Will—" There was a gentle pleading in her voice that made her husband regard her still more closely. "If I could go back just for a little while, and see the hills."

"It ain't no use talking. I haven't got the money to spare. It would cost a hundred and fifty dollars, and it will be all I can do to pull through as it is another year—"

"Yes, another year. Maybe it will be worse then."

The man flushed hotly. "Oh, well," he said, "if you are tired of this, of trying, and want to get out of it for good—"

"Oh!" she cried, with a little flutter of joy, "will you give it up and go back home? I am sure we could do better there."

"No," answered Axtell; "I didn't say anything about *my* giving it up. I'm going to stay here till I make something, or die trying. I ain't of the sort that gives up. I said if *you* wanted to."

"Did you mean without you, and *stay?*" she asked, with a wondering look on her face.

"I said if you wanted to," he repeated, obstinately.

The morning dawned, as the night had fallen, hot and clear; and this continued for many days, until there seemed good ground for Axtell's fears. He went out anxiously every morning to look at the watercourses and to gather the sheep where the grass was best, and at night he came home gloomily despondent.

One morning while he was away a stranger rode up upon the trail that led across the prairie. He halted before the cabin, and seeing Jennie, bowed.

"Is this Mrs. Axtell?" he asked.

She came forward, regarding him curiously: a stranger, and especially a well-dressed stranger, was rare thereabouts. But suddenly she sprang forward, and put out her hand in eager welcome.

"Why, Jonas—Jonas Wilson!" she cried. "Where did you come from? How did you get here?"

"I have come from a good many places, and, as you see, on horseback. But I confess I don't fancy the trip," answered the stranger, laughing easily at her astonishment.

"Oh, I am so glad!" She began to urge him to dismount, and mingled ejaculations at the pleasure of seeing him with excuses that her housewifely instincts prompted. "You are the first one we have ever seen from home. We ain't much fixed for company, but you must stop awhile. I've got so much to ask, and Will surely will want to have a good talk." Then, as Wilson made some demur, as if unwilling to encroach on their limited accommodations, she added, insistently, "Get right off, and we'll put the horse in the shed. We can find room for you, even if things ain't quite like what they are at Compton."

Not until they were in the house did Wilson find opportunity to explain his presence there.

"I will have to go back a little to tell you how I happen to be here," he said; "and it all comes of your leaving Compton. You know, I got the school after you left." His companion nodded, and he continued, laughingly: "Of course there was no chance for me while you staid. You were the best teacher they ever had there. Well, I saved some money the first two years, and then went to the university. I had always been studying botany a little, and then I went at it in earnest. This year I was elected to teach the botanical class there, and now I am off on a botanizing tour for my vacation."

Mrs. Axtell looked at him admiringly. "Why, Jonas," she said, "you are a real Professor, then—a real university Professor!"

"Yes," he answered, modestly; "they have given me a B.S."

"Well," she replied, "I always knew you would do something. You were always the smartest boy in our class at school."

"And you the smartest girl," he said, laughing.

Mrs. Axtell thought at first that he laughed a great deal, but it was bright, boyish, unaffected laughter, and it did her good to hear it, and she reflected that it sounded strange only because there had been so little of it in her own life of late.

When Will came home, late in the afternoon, he was not more surprised at seeing Jonas than at the change which he at once observed in his wife. For days there had been a look of settled melancholy in her face that he had not liked to see. This had deepened since the night when she had talked of going home, and he had given her what he at once felt to be a brutal answer. In spite of the cares and perplexities that the drought brought, he had found time enough to think that over, but could find no words with which to undo the evil. To-day he had been wondering if he could not manage to let her go home for a while. It would take all the ready money that he had, but he would manage to pull through somehow, if only the drought did not last too long. When he came up she sat in the doorway with Wilson, talking and laughing as he had not seen her do for years. He greeted Jonas heartily, partly because he was glad to see him, but more because it made his heart bound to see his wife so happy.

"I am glad you took the trouble to find us out," he said, hospitably. "How did you come to do it?"

"Oh, I've always known where you were," explained Wilson; "and when I found myself botanizing down here, I determined to see you."

"Botanizing, eh?" said Axtell. "Well, I fancy you can find a good deal here to interest you. We are a good deal out of the beaten track. I hope you will stay here with us long enough to explore the country."

After some little demur, Wilson accepted the cordial invitation extended by Axtell and his wife, and arranged to remain there while making the study that he had contemplated of the surrounding district.

During the days that followed he applied himself to the task of collecting specimens of every plant that the curious and varied vegetation of the prairie afforded. At night he still worked, classifying his treasures, arranging them with the minute dexterity of a woman between folds of heavy brown paper, and then indexing and binding them into compact volumes. Sometimes Jennie helped him at this, while Will sat by, well content to see the loneliness of her life thus broken.

Sometimes Axtell would be away all day, and even late into the night. He worked with a dogged persistence, neglecting no art of the shepherd that would help to carry his flock through the terrible drought that had fallen upon the land. But in spite of all his care the sheep grew thin in flesh, and as the days passed, their carcasses began to strew the plain by scores.

Axtell grew thin and gaunt as his flocks; his face took upon it the hard and settled look of despair of a man who has thrown his last die and lost. Yet he had one more stake to play—a desperate one, but a chance.

"I am going to drive the sheep to the river," he announced one night. "They will have water there, at least. Here it is certain death for every one."

He took Wilson aside.

"I don't know how long I shall be gone," he said; "it is a hundred miles to the river. I want you should stay here and look after Jennie." He fumbled in his pocket, and drew out some money, which he handed to Jonas. "Here is a hundred dollars. It is about all I have got in the world; if I am not back in a month, I want you should take Jennie back to Compton, to her folks."

He started at dawn, in the company of the Mexican herders, upon the long, wearisome, and almost hopeless journey.

Jennie kept up bravely until the last; then she flung her arms about his neck and begged him not to go. "Let us give it up," she cried, "and go back to Compton. I know that would be best."

But the iron determination of the man was not yet to be broken, and he went along upon the path in which his feet were set.

After he had gone, Jennie went about the house for a day or two in a dazed way, performing her duties mechanically, dimly conscious of a great void in her life and heart. At evening she would sit in the doorway and look steadily along the brown trail toward the faint distance into which her husband had disappeared.

She had not taken much notice of Jonas at first, but now she became conscious that he was almost always about. He rarely went beyond sight of the house, and busied himself with whatever he could find to do that would lessen her labors. At first she thought this was kind of him; but afterward, when she noticed how his eyes followed her everywhere, it grew oppressive, and she wished he would go away. But with the wish came also the dread of being alone, and she held her peace.

At evening, when she sat in the doorway, he would stand near her, and talk about Compton and the New Hampshire hills, and the time when they were children there together. Then the homesickness would rise up and sweep over her like a flood, and she would have to steady herself by fixing her gaze upon the gray distance into which her husband had gone, and out of which she was praying that he might return. The weeks went by—one, two, and three—each dragging its slow length more slowly than the one before.

At last Jennie gave voice. "He will come now—soon," she said.

"Yes," answered Jonas, slowly. "He said he should come in a month—if—"

"If what?" she demanded, sharply.

But the man had stepped away from her, and bent down, under pretence of examining some bit of herbage on the prairie. Perhaps he did not hear, but the question was not repeated.

The fourth week drew to its close before they spoke again of Axtell's return. Then Wilson said that the chances were against his coming. "He told me that if he was not back in a month, you should not wait any longer."

"Not wait—for what?" she asked, dimly comprehending his words.

"Why, for his return. And he said that if he was not here within the month, I should take you back to Compton. You know, I must be back at my work soon, and you cannot stay here alone."

Jennie looked about her shudderingly. No, she could not remain alone in the midst of all that desolation. She knew well enough what the end of *that* would be. And yet she could not go away, not knowing whether her husband were alive or dead, or whether he would return there to seek her. But on the other hand, and opposed to all this uncertainty, was the picture of Compton. There a cheerful home was open to her, and she would be among friends, and become again part of the wholesome life of the quiet New England village. How different that was from the life they had led here on the prairie!

But then, what could she say when people asked about her husband? Could she say that he was dead? or that he had deserted her? Her woman's pride was in arms at this last thought, and at that instant the devil put it into her mind to think, "If only I were free!"

And in the instant that this thought was in her mind she caught sight of Wilson's manly form, and her thoughts flew back to the time when they were children together. He had been her boy lover then, before Axtell had come upon the scene. If he had not come, how different it might all have been!

But Axtell was her husband, and he had done the best for her that lay in his power. She would keep true to him in deed and in thought.

But if he should not come back? The fourth week was ended.

"You must give it up," said Wilson. "It is only folly to stay here longer. But there are two days more in the month, and we will wait until they are gone. Then you must be ready to go with me."

The month was finished. On the last night Jennie busied herself in putting together the few things that she could take with her. In the early dawn Wilson brought two horses to the door, and silently helping her to mount, they rode away.

Only once did Jennie pause to look back. When the sun came up in the east, and sent his searching rays over the sad plain, she stopped, rose in her saddle, and looked searchingly along the trail over which her husband had gone just a month before. She gazed so long and so steadily that it seemed as if she would make the prairie give up the secret that it hid from her. But when she turned and rode on, she had burned her ships behind her.

They rode on through the day, stopping only for needed rest and refreshment. Toward evening they drew near the little village at the railway station, where they were to embark on their long journey east.

They were riding slowly, and close together. Wilson bent over and laid his hand upon her arm. "From here begins the new life, Jennie." She turned her face toward him, questioningly, but answered nothing. "The old life is finished and put away. The shaping of the new one I want to have in my own hands. May I?"

Still she seemed hardly to understand the purport of his words, and looked at him yet wonderingly.

Perhaps he mistook her silence for assent. The hand which had rested upon her arm stole up to her shoulder, and he drew her to him. Then, bending, he kissed her full upon the lips.

Until now Jennie had been in a passive state, and seemingly not awake to the full meaning of the action she was taking. But this kiss quickened her mind and conscience, as did the touch of the spur the horse beneath her, and as she wheeled it away from Wilson's side she sat erect upon its back, the very picture of outraged and indignant womanhood.

She needed no reflection now in order to determine upon her course. There welled over her the memory of Axtell's love, and of their struggle together against an overmastering fate. He, doubtless, was yet striving manfully for her. She would go back and await the end.

With a single glance at Wilson, but a glance that spoke eloquently of her contempt and determination, she turned and rode away over the trail by which they had come.

If, when Jennie had paused that morning, she could have read the secret of the plain, she would have been spared much humiliation and self-accusing.

Away in the distance that her eye could not penetrate, a solitary figure was toiling slowly and painfully over the parched desert. The horse that he had ridden had given out the day before, and he had kept on through the night on foot, pressing toward his goal. Now, as he neared it, there came upon him a feverish anxiety lest he should be too late. He had said a month, and it would be a month and a day.

It was noon when he reached the cabin. From a distance he was conscious of that air of desolation that always broods about an empty house. He entered it with sinking heart, knowing that he should find her gone.

He threw himself down in dumb despair. Perhaps he deserved this, but she might have waited a little. Maybe she was glad of the chance to be free. Perhaps Wilson had persuaded her. He had seen his glances toward her. What a fool he had been to go and leave them together!

This thought maddened him. He would have risen and followed them—followed to the end of the earth if need be—but for sheer physical weakness. He must rest awhile.

When the cool of the evening came he fell into a sound sleep, and slept unbrokenly through the night. When the dawn came again, Jennie drew rein once more before the door, and dismounting, she went inside, and found him sleeping there. With a glad cry she knelt down beside him and he awoke to fold her in his arms.

When she began to tell him, self-accusingly, why he had not found her waiting when he came back, Axtell stopped her. Perhaps he divined it all. If so, he had no blame for her.

"I will tell you my story now," he said. "Yours may come some other time. But first, we are going back to Compton."

Jennie could answer this only by tears of silent joy; but she drew closer to her husband.

"Yes," he went on, "I have played the fool long enough. We will go back and make a new start in life."

"But the sheep?"

"I will tell you. We drove them to the river, and found both water and grass, but not much, and there were many there before me with their flocks. I staid, hoping for rain. Every day the grass grew more scarce. One day a Mexican said to me: 'Look here! I am willing to gamble. If rain comes, in a fortnight your flock will be worth five thousand dollars; if not, it will not be worth five cents.' He spoke the truth. 'I am willing to gamble,' he said. 'I will give you five hundred dollars.' I took it, and came away. After five years of this, it is all that we have to begin life anew."

"It is enough," was the quiet answer, "so long as we have each other."

POINT TO POINT IN THE GENESEE VALLEY.

BY WALTER CARY.

The point to point steeple-chase has been a feature of the Genesee Valley hunting season for six or seven years. The master of the hounds, Mr. W. A. Wadsworth, has been opposed to it from its beginning, and succeeded last year in having it omitted. It remains to be seen what this year will bring forth.

The point to point has its lovers, and there is no doubt that it furnishes as much food for talk as any other feature of the valley.

The last one that took place was flagged, through the wishes of the late Mr. Percy Drayton, who put up the prize; but in the others the course was left to the judgment of the riders.

Every point to point has had some feature droll or exciting that the riders and their friends still talk about and the recollection of which they still enjoy.

The sport has not been lacking in humorous incidents, as those two men will testify who had settled it between them that they only, of the whole field, were on the right course, and had agreed that the one seeing the goal first should point it out to the other; then both should spur their beasts, and let the better horse win.

In this case the goal was a huge tree, and before long one of the riders exclaimed, "There, Seward—there's the tree; now let her go!" and both urged their horses to the top of their speed. They enjoyed an exciting race; but when the tree was reached, no applauding spectators congratulated the winner. There were but the two riders themselves to congratulate each other on the fact that they were not as far away from home as from the anticipated goal; they were only ten miles from the former.

Nor is the element of excitement lacking, as he will acknowledge whose strong-legged horse plunged through a picket fence instead of over it, and who after that crossed a ten-foot ditch and jumped a four-rail fence before he discovered that he was straddling his horse's neck instead of the saddle.

Human nature is often seen in its interesting phase, as when a Bostonian, when asked by a native of the valley, "Not going to ride in this point to point? Why not? 'Fraid?" let the query rankle in his Boston Common bosom all the afternoon, until the innocent cause of his wrath rode into the finish a few minutes after the race had been won. Then he took sweet revenge by asking anxiously, "Where have you been for the last half-hour? I began to be afraid something had happened to you."

The exasperating often happens, as you may learn from the New-Yorker who had the field, and had but two fences between him and the goal. He had to cross a road, and at a winning speed he came to a point just as two girls in a buckboard came to the same point. A collision was inevitable, and while the all but winner disentangled himself from the buckboard, the other riders went by, and the race was won by somebody else.

Needless to add that those girls heard some words that till then had no place in their vocabulary.

Dress in the point to point races, as in the hunts, is a matter of individual taste, and all styles are seen, from the immaculate white duck breeches and black cut-away of the Eastern hunting clubman to the ordinary farm clothes of the valley native. The Batavia horse-breaking banker, who wears a green plaid vest, a Turkey-red four-in-hand, chamois-skin breeches, and a pink and blue tennis blazer, makes the undisputed boast that he can dress as no one else dares.

The first point to point of the series was probably as interesting and as exciting as any of the others. Mr. Swann Latrobe, of Baltimore, put up the prize, a magnificent silver pitcher, made to order to suit special ideas that Mr. Latrobe had on the subject.

The two points had been chosen by Mr. Wadsworth, and he led the riders to the top of a hill, whence the start was to be made. While the men tried to hide their nervousness and excitement, the horses had no such self-restraint, and plunged and jumped up the slight ascent, then danced and tossed their heads, while their masters tried to listen to Mr. Wadsworth's directions.

The finish was a hay-stack on another elevation, about four miles away. The riders were told to get there as best they might, except through fields of winter wheat, which were easily known by their light green color; the judges might also discriminate against a winner who had kept to the roads in favor of the second man in who had struck across country. However, there was not much fear of such discrimination in that pack of riders.

There was a lane, Mr. Wadsworth explained, to go through, which was a decided short-cut; to give the strangers an equal advantage with those who knew the country, he had placed a flag at the entrance. It turned out that the only two men whose course brought them to this lane, and who thus had an advantage over the others, had so mixed up in their minds the points of the compass that when they got to the end of the lane they with one accord steered to the right, when, had they scanned the country, they would have seen the hay-stack looming up on their left. To this day their friends change the conversation when in their presence an unwary stranger discusses bumps of locality.

When all had made out the hay-stack, and Mr. Wadsworth had convinced the precise young man from Buffalo that when he said "hay-stack over there to my right," he didn't mean the red barn a little to the left, the word "go" was given, and the horses dashed down the hill.

At once the pack divided itself in two, and the few who followed the Buffalo doctor on the straightest course to the road below were soon floundering in a bog, and then watched their determined leader's game of tag with a frightened heifer, who, cowlike, made for the very part of the fence the doctor had decided to jump, and there crouched down to await developments.

The Buffalonian, not to be balked by trifles, spurred his horse with the beautiful intention of clearing heifer, fence, and anything else that might be opposed. Horse-sense differed with man-sense, but man-will overcame horse-will enough to produce for the spectators a beautiful kaleidoscopic effect of heifer, horse, broken fence boards, and Buffalo doctor, which was interesting but not race-winning.

This group of riders, when that point to point is spoken of, show themselves thoroughly up on particulars that have to do with the start, and are silent as to the finish.

The other horsemen took the hypothenuse to the road through a squash patch and a barn-yard. This gave them two jumps, one of which was a five-barred gate, and after crossing the road they must jump again into a field, beyond which lay woods and further difficulties, to be guessed at until reached.

A group of spectators had gathered near the gate, preferring to see the start, with three jumps taken by the entire cavalcade, to the finish with only a few tired riders climbing over or crashing through the last fence.

The leader was a New York man to whom cross-country riding was as familiar as blue pencil marks across a fresh reporter's story are to the copy-reader. He was on a hunter to whom jumping was as natural as baby talk to a newly made uncle. Nevertheless, when the gate was reached—whether disconcerted by the squash or outraged by his nearness to squealing pigs and cackling hens is not known, but the thoroughbred hunter bolted.

This was a disappointment to the spectators, who were too far away thoroughly to take in the details of the jumping into the squash patch, and were anticipating a fine sight at the gate. Disappointment is not the word to use in describing the New York rider's feelings.

In the mean time the others were at hand, and a young fellow from Baltimore, on one of the horses named as winners, felt this to be the opportunity of his lifetime, jammed his heels into his horse's sides, shut his eyes, and awaited developments.

The brute clicked the top rail with his fore feet; there was an instant of suspense, when the rider quickly opened his eyes the spectators (most of whom were women) all closed theirs, the brute caught himself, and the danger was over.

The fun for the spectators was over too, for the horse's brief struggle had loosened the fastenings, and the gate swung open, allowing the other riders to pass through, cross the road, and clear the fence into the field before the spectators had opened their eyes and realized that there was nothing more for them but to go home and resign themselves later to hearing accounts of all the fine sights at the finish they had missed.

The New-Yorker regained the lead, which he shared with two Baltimore men and a Batavian, who thought, because he had the biggest horse in the field, he was sure to win. A Bostonian, four or five valley men, a Canadian, and two Buffalo men were in the rear; but each one had a profound pity for those in front who actually hoped to win, when he knew just as well as a Presbyterian elder knows his destiny is haughtily to refuse to put his finger in ice-water at the agonized appeal of the sinner below, that Mr. Latrobe's silver pitcher was made to decorate his mahogany in Boston, the valley, Canada, or Buffalo.

Across fields, through woods where swinging branches and stinging switches from tall bushes damaged hats and ruined mild tempers, the riders finally came again into the open and saw the hay-stack ahead of them.

The Batavian had had a disagreement with his big horse a short distance back over a certain fence, and was practically out of the race. All the valley men but one had changed their minds about that piece of silver on their mahoganies. The Canadian and one of the Buffalo men when last seen were running after their brutes away from the hay-stack.

The New-Yorker and the two Baltimore men were now plotting each to outwit the other two, for the Bostonian was a good distance behind, and the remaining Buffalonian, on a poor nag of a horse absurdly named Patchen, had seemingly with good sense given up all idea of racing, and was merely jogging along away in the rear, apparently enjoying a pleasant horseback ride in the country.

The three leaders saw nothing but the hay-stack in front and each other along-side. The one idea of each was to make a straight line for that hay-stack, keeping ahead of the other two.

The straight line led through a ploughed field. The rivalry of the three banished good judgment and consideration for the brutes, and efforts were made to keep up the pace that had been held over the hard ground.

The Bostonian, when he came to the ploughed field, had pity for his beast, and kept to the road, which by a long turn brought him to the goal.

The Buffalonian also had pity for his horse, but he took in at a glance that in this case the longest way around was not the shortest way home, and he decided that that pleasant horseback ride of his through the country would be more enjoyed if he dismounted and walked with Patchen across the ploughed field.

When he came to hard ground again, the three leaders were two fields ahead of him, with but a farm-yard and a road between them and the hay-stack.

The fields crossed, he saw that the leaders were still in the farm-yard. Always intent on the straight-line theory, they had jumped into an enclosure, and found themselves so close to a high fence that their horses in their exhausted condition got discouraged. The refusal of the first set a bad example to the others, and when Patchen and his rider were in the last field these three were playing a game of follow the leader up to the fence and wheeling around and at it again that was more entertaining to Patchen's rider than to them.

The Buffalo man, so that his nag should not be influenced by the bad example set by the thoroughbreds, turned Patchen's head away, and rode to the other end of the field, where there was but one fence into the road. Over this and over the fence on the other side, and then Patchen had scarcely strength to walk up the hill which led to the hay-stack.

At this point the Buffalo man heard loud cheers from the spectators, and knew that one of the three, who were in full view of the goal, while he was hidden by the hill, had finally cleared the high fence.

In the mean while those waiting at the finish knew nothing of the various happenings until the straggling horsemen were within a field or two of the ploughed land. And then most of them knew only what one of their number, who stood on top of his drag, field-glass in hand, told them. He declaimed the events of the race to his interested listeners until the three leaders came to the farm-yard.

Then, as one refusal after another took place, the excitement was intense. One of these three men was sure to win, but which? Finally it was one of the Baltimore riders who pushed his tired brute through the obstacle and led the way to the hay-stack.

But while the attention generally was centred on this side, a young woman glanced to the other, and saw a brown hat coming in sight up the hill. The hat was followed by the head, the arms, body, and legs of a man, every particle of which was in active motion, urging a very tired Patchen to go faster than a walk.

What her interest in Patchen or his rider was it is unnecessary to say. But in great excitement she jumped from her buckboard, ran to Patchen's head, and led him to the hay-stack, the winner of that year's point to point.

A GREAT LESSON IN ARCHITECTURE.

Discoursing in a contemporary magazine about the World's Fair buildings at Chicago, a discreet observer remarks on the excellent results that may be hoped for from the inspection of the United States Government Building by the multitudes that come to the fair. The observer regards the said Government Building as so far inferior in beauty to many of the structures that are near it, that its defects cannot help coming home to the perceptions of the average observer, and waking him up to the propriety of manning the Federal architectural establishment at Washington with a higher order of talent, even at the cost of increased expense.

Without discussing this particular building, or the particular benefit that it is expected to work, it seems reasonable to hope for very important architectural results all over this country from the buildings that have been erected for the fair. There is a concurrence of opinion as to the amazing success of the fair buildings as a whole, and as to the remarkable impressiveness of such a group of beautiful structures on the mind of the beholder. To have seen them is not quite an education in architecture, but it is certainly a lesson, and one which the intelligent spectator will not be able to forget. If hundreds of thousands of Americans go home from the great fair with new conceptions of the ability of brains and beauty to find expression in building materials, the results will be important, and the next decade will begin to show them.

The architectural standards of the average man are the best buildings he has seen. To show him the possibilities of beautiful construction is to enlarge his aspirations and make him dissatisfied with inferior jobs. He might cross the seas and travel thousands of miles without getting so effective an architectural lesson as he will get at Chicago. He will not only see admirable buildings there, but he will also see some pretty bad ones, and having the good and the bad side by side, he will have so much the better chance of learning which is which, and wherein consists the excellence or inferiority of either.

The fair buildings have cost a great sum of money, and most of them are only for temporary use, but we miss our guess and our hope if they do not prove in the end one of the most beneficent educational investments that have been made in this country, and as lasting in their ultimate results as stone and iron could have made them.

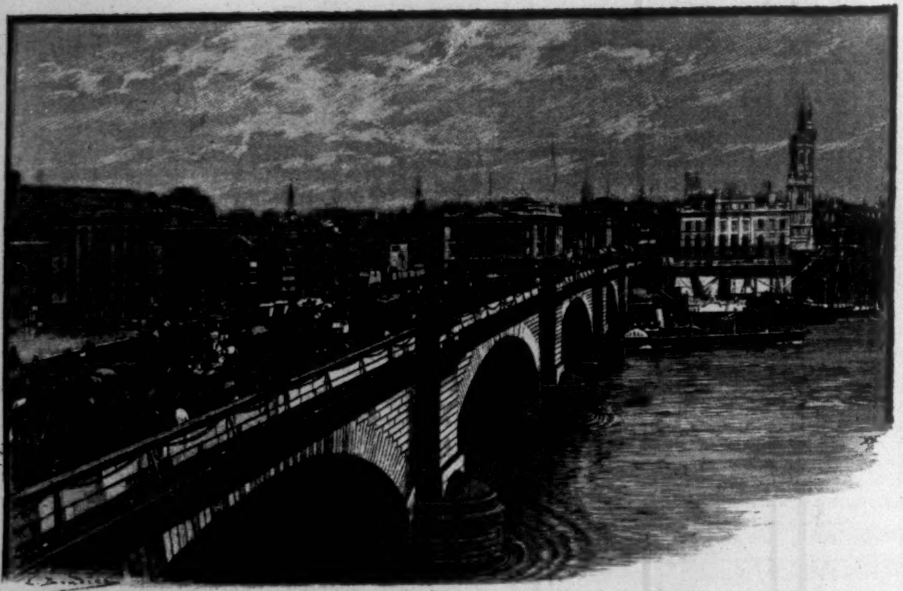
THE TORCH-LIGHT PARADER.

"**Campaign** equipments," as lavishly advertised and sold for a month past, do not mean tabulated statements of the workings of the McKinley bill, or party platforms, or any other kind of furnishing for the intellectual apparatus. They are tin helmets and breastplates, wooden spears and battle-axes with kerosene torches at their tops, and leggings, capes, and tunics in limitless variety of shape, material, and color. The American voter is not without the sense of humor, and will probably take it in good part if, when he has rigged himself out in all this fantastic toggery, he is compared to that gorgeous squad that formed the military escort of Dromedary Dodd's Hebdomadal Picnics in Mr. Stevenson's story of "The Wreckers." Describing the punctual picnic band, "booming down street with .... some score of gratuitous asses prancing at the head in bearskin hats and buckskin aprons, and conspicuous with resplendent axes," Mr. Dodd adds that the band was paid, but that, thanks to a passion for public masquerade, the asses pranced for the love of it, and cost nothing but their luncheon.

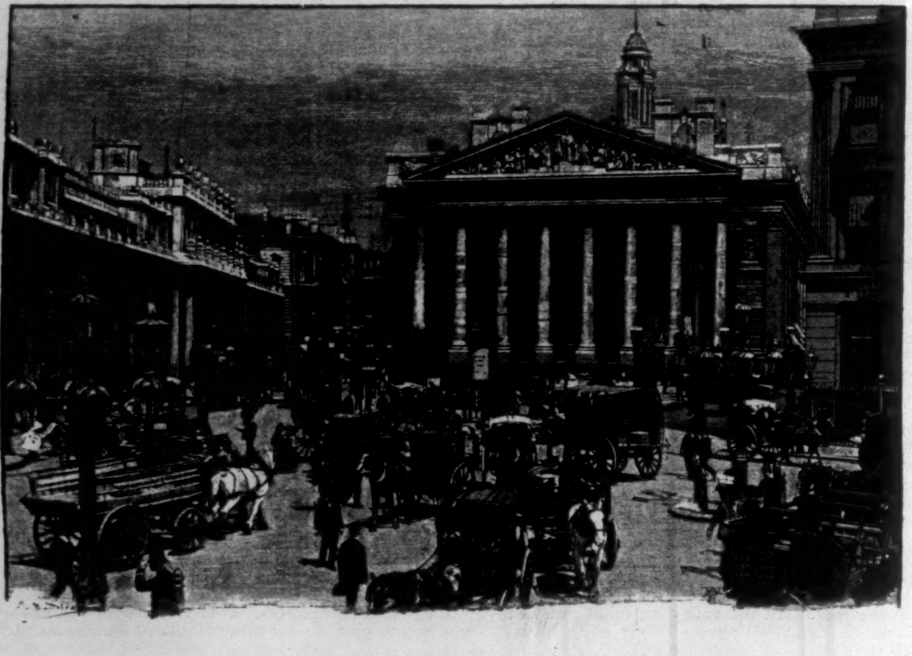
Our torch-light campaigners resemble Mr. Dodd's assistants in being gratuitous, but whether they are equally entitled to rank as asses depends partly on the state of the spectator's liver, and partly on whether they are justified in the impression that torch-light parades stir up political enthusiasm, influence the doubtful voters, and help to keep wavering allies in the field.

Men banded together are much more subject to a common impulse than individuals taken separately, and there is some practical political sense in getting the party-men together, and rubbing them up against one another in the promotion of a common end. The contagion of endeavor reaches the listless ones, their interest is stirred, and they not only take hold themselves but go out and bring other waverers in. There is no easier way of binding a man to a cause or a party than to get him to do a little work for it. All men cannot be orators, or editors, or ward bosses, or even patient listeners, but any man with arms and legs can carry a kerosene torch around the streets, and come reasonably near keeping step with a band. The theory is that the fidelity of the voter who undertakes such simple political labor is clinched, and that his example has an effect besides on the unorganized multitude. Of course the shinier his helmet is, and the more elaborate his costume, the farther his example will reach; so that very considerable sums of money are spent every four years in tricking him out and paying the musicians whom he follows.

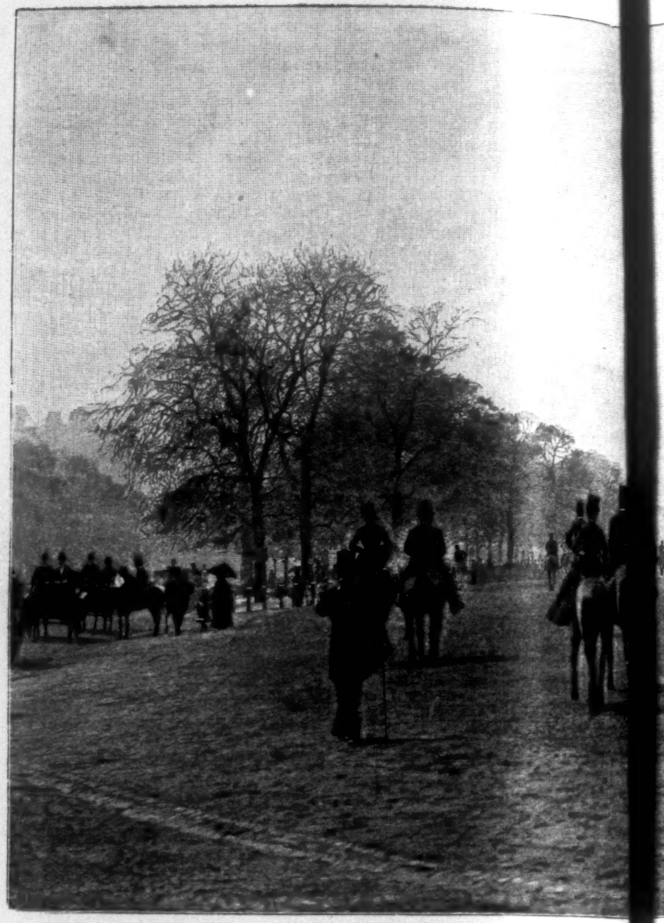
It is an odd use of money, and a curious form of political energy, but the torch-light procession habit seems to be firmly fixed on both parties just now, and they show no signs of shaking it off. Every four years a good many former enthusiasts attain to the conclusion that it is asinine to prance, but their dereliction is more than made up by new voters whose discrimination is less sophisticated, and whose passion for masquerade has not yet been appeased. And so the spectacular end of politics is regularly attended to, and the trade in "equipments" continues brisk.



LONDON BRIDGE.



ROYAL EXCHANGE AND BANK OF ENGLAND.



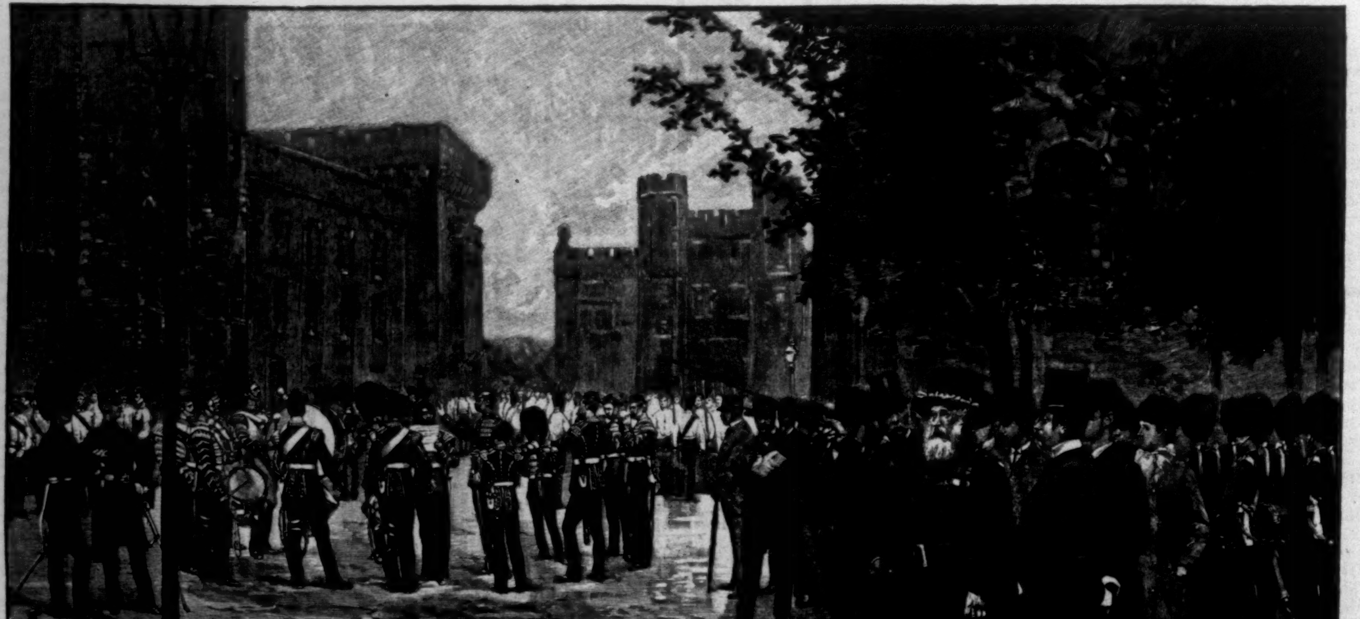
HY PA

LONDON.—(*Continued from page* 969.)

ampton and his cat, of Archbishop Cranmer, of Sir Walter Raleigh, of Algerno Sidney, of William Russell. It is not only Roman Catholics who in these day think Sir Thomas More the greatest of all Englishmen in nobility and lov liness of life and superiority to the prejudices of his time. The Tow throughout its history, considered as a prison, has been as impartial as w Queen Elizabeth when she held so evenly the balance between her Puritan an her Jesuit opponents that she used to lock them up together in the Tower, an even find the practice useful, inasmuch as they spied upon each other.

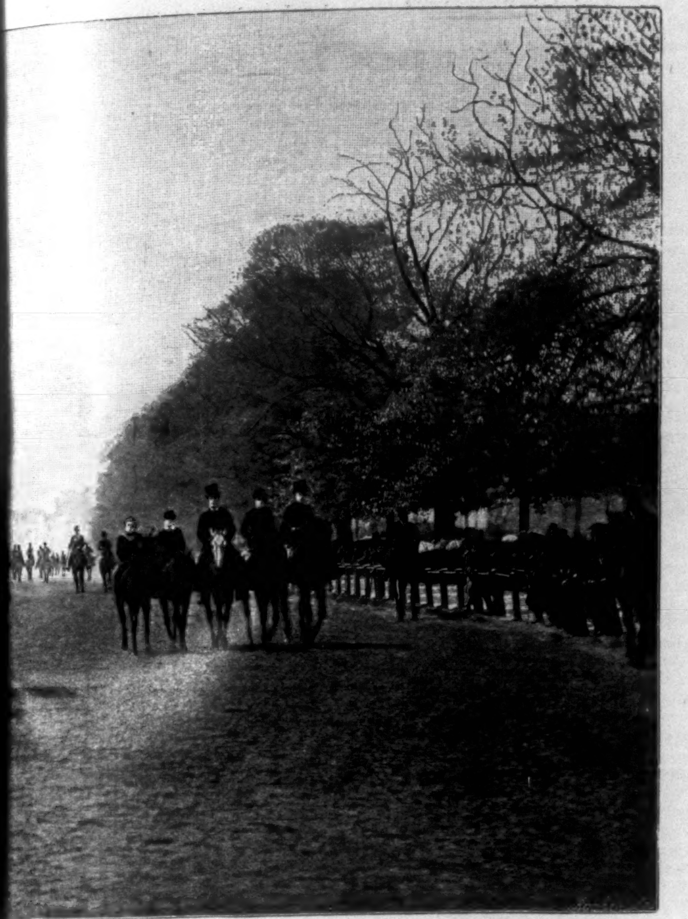
But we came to this great solid square-built Tower to start upon a wall and we have lingered long. The Tower stands in view of London Poo which in my boyhood I remember densely thronged by the shipping of th world. The Port of London is a far greater resort of trade, although not pr portionately greater, than in those days. But the shipping is not now in sigh As we come to London along the Essex or the Kentish shore, forests of mas seen among the houses proclaim the presence of the Docks, in which almost a the ships are now confined.

Near the Tower we visit a fragment of the Roman wall of the second Lo don, that which followed a British London which was but an intrenched cam



THE TOWER OF LONDON.

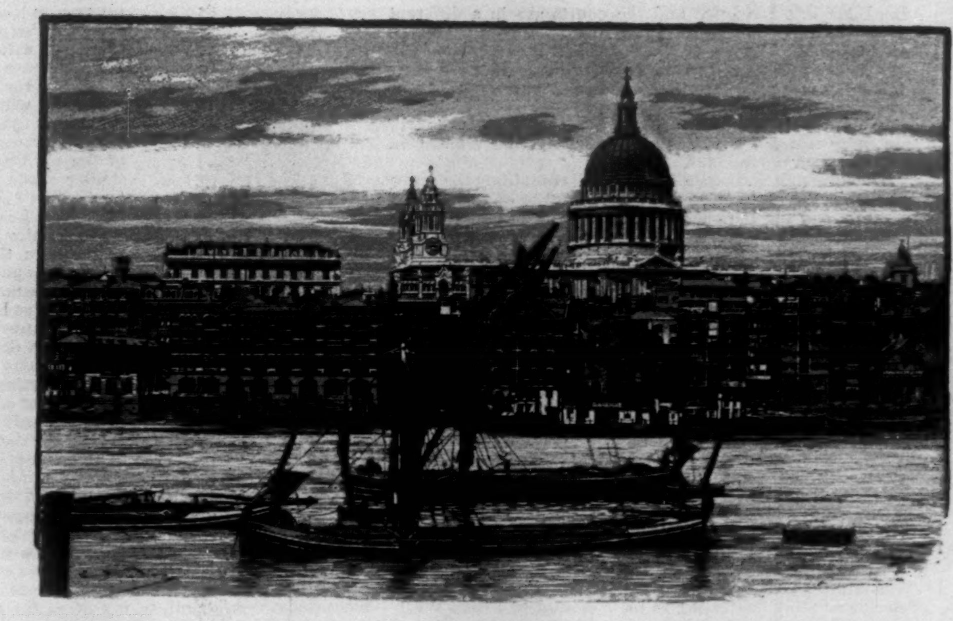
HOU IN



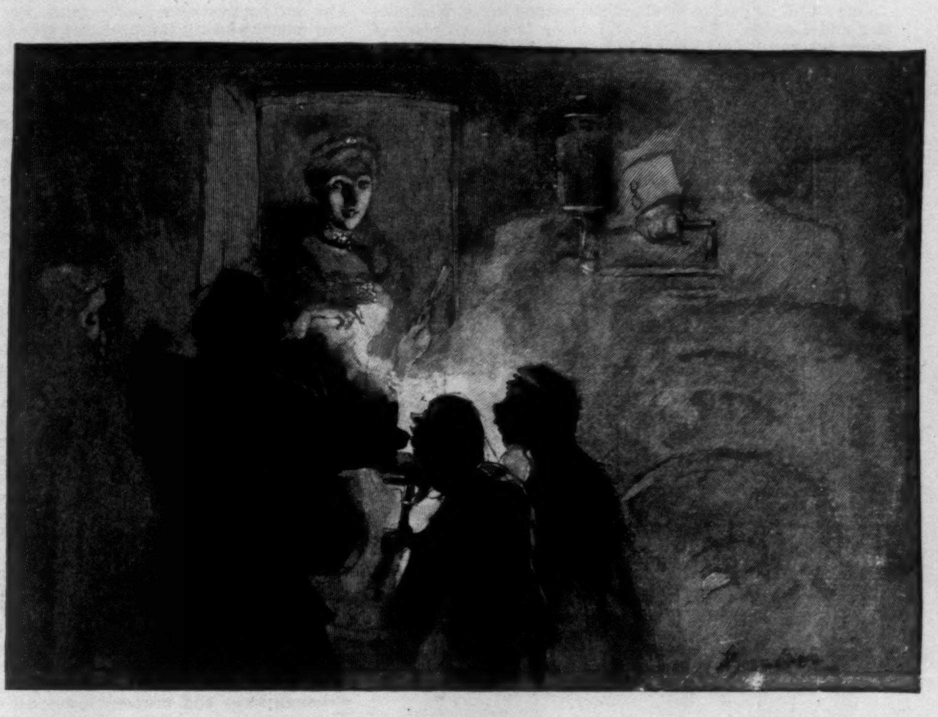
PARK.

Close here we find the Church of Allhallows Barking, meaning the Church of All-Saints belonging to the Convent of Barking, Essex; the church at which the Fire of London stopped; and the church where lie many of those prisoners of the Tower who were not buried within its precincts—Archbishop Laud, the poet Earl of Surrey, and many others whose heads fell on Tower Hill. Thence we go to Crosby Hall in Bishopsgate Street, once Crosby Place, Sir John Crosby's private house, built by him in the fifteenth century, and described at the time by himself, as I find from Payne Collier's manuscript notes on Peter Cunningham's own copy of his *Handbook to London* in my possession. From this fine specimen of an old house we visit in the same street St. Helen's, full of interesting monuments, including those to Sir John and Lady Crosby, the founders of the Hall, to Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of the Royal Exchange, and to Sir Julius Cæsar, one day perhaps likely to be confused by the great-grandchildren of our colonists with the Roman alleged builder of the Tower. London Stone, whatever its memories, is but a stone, which will be found in the wall of St. Swithin's Church in Cannon Street; but as in Stow's time the trace of what it meant was already lost, its fame must rest upon Shakespeare's scene where Jack Cade strikes it, or upon traditions of Whittington and his cat.

The Guildhall next attracts us—the Town-Hall of London, although the

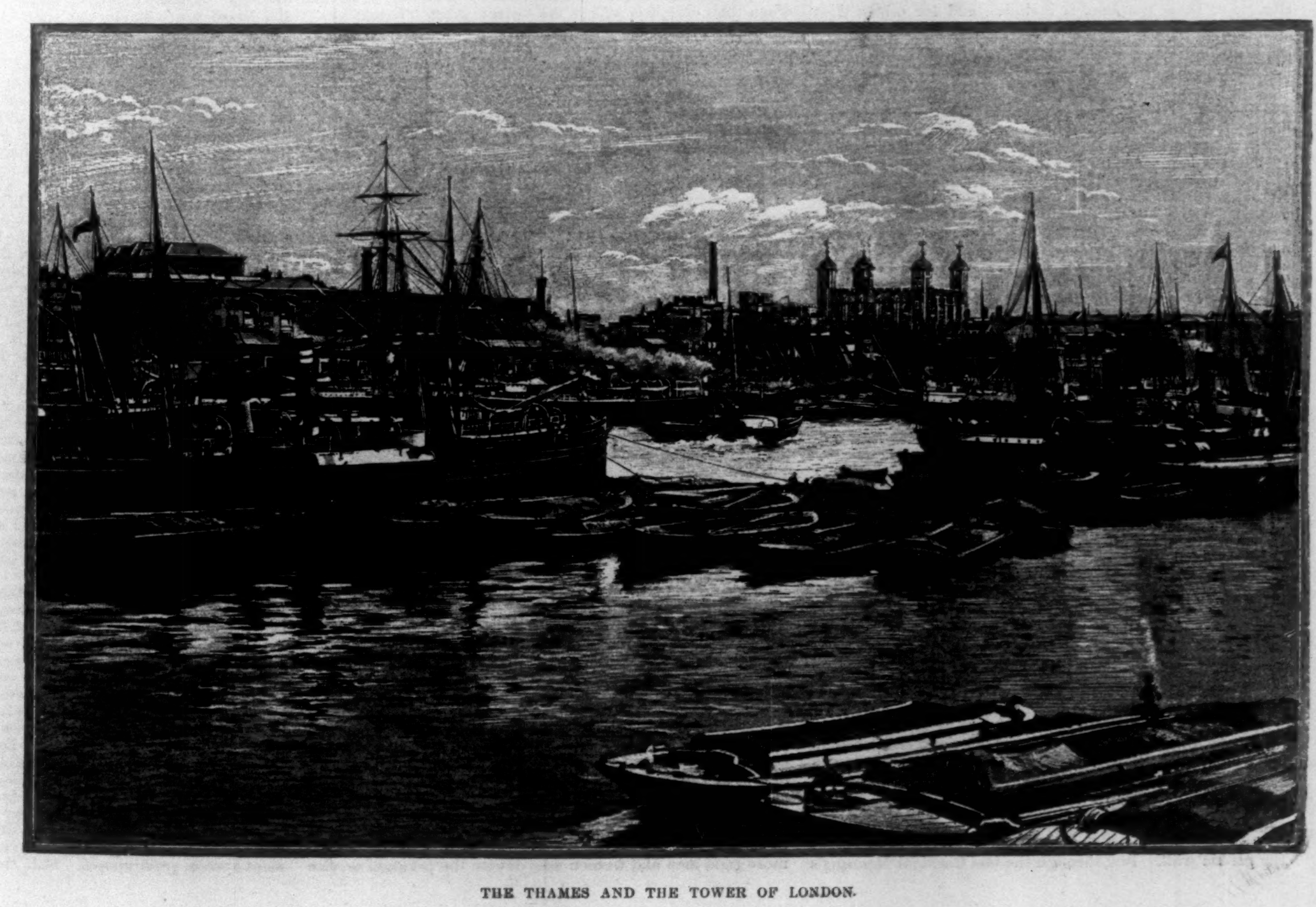


ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.



IN A LONDON FOG AT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON IN JANUARY.

N HOLBORN.

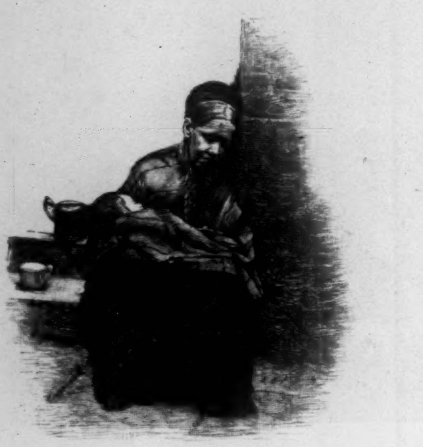


THE THAMES AND THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Lord Mayor's residence and the courts are in a different place—the Mansion House. This hall, however, should be seen when thronged with Aldermen and Common Councillors in their robes, and guests in uniform, at the Lord Mayor's banquet on the 9th of November of each year. In its empty week-day state the City giants, Gog and Magog (the *totems* of the City, as the Tarasque is the *totem* of Tarascon), are more interesting to the foreigner than the Wellington and Chatham monuments.

Then we visit St. Giles's, Cripplegate, containing the grave of Milton, the monument to Fox, the author of the *Book of Martyrs*, and the Parish Register with the entry of Oliver Cromwell's marriage. Next comes St. Bartholomew, and thus we journey to St. John's Gate, once the portal of the Priory Hospital of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and in late times the meeting-place of many distinguished men; and so to St. Sepulchre's, where also the Great Fire stopped—the church of the condemned of Newgate. The Roman Bath of London is very inferior in interest to the Thermes of Paris; but the Temple, to which we cross, is unmatched, unless at Oxford or Cambridge. This home of lawyers, with its almost painful silence in the middle of the busy town, the ancient habitation of the Knights Templars, bearing still their badges as its arms, contains the Middle Temple Hall, and the Temple Church, a round church of the twelfth century, full of the effigies of the cross-legged crusading Templars. The whole Liberty is full of memories of great men. From the Temple we pass by the Strand and the memorable statue of King Charles I. at Charing Cross, along Parliament Street to the Abbey at Westminster, or by the Embankment and the Houses of Parliament to Westminster Hall. Few churches are finer as regards their interior or more interesting in their monuments than Westminster Abbey—no hall in the world so grand as that of William Rufus.

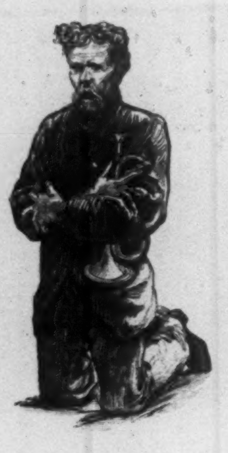
One word for foreigners about the connection of Westminster and London. The City of London is a small place of enormous wealth, with some 50,000 people alone sleeping in it at night and recorded as inhabitants by the census, with half a million people using it for their business by day, and with a separate government of an ancient type, presided over by the Lord Mayor, with its own police. West of it lay the city of Westminster, an ecclesiastical corporation. In times wholly modern, round these two have been grouped the vast metropolis. The official London of the present day is the London of the London County Council, the same in area as its predecessor, the London of the Metropolitan Board of Works. For all purposes this London includes Westminster. For some purposes it includes, and for others does not include, the City.



POVERTY.

In Westminster Abbey the kings are crowned. In Westminster Abbey most of them are buried: Edward the Confessor; Edwards I. and III., and their queens, Eleanor and Philippa; Henry V.; Henry VII.; Queen Elizabeth; Charles II.; William III. and his wife, Queen Mary; Queen Anne, and many others. And besides these royal hosts, Mary, Queen of Scots, that almost equally famous "Queen of Hearts" the Queen of Bohemia, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Castlereagh, Canning, Monk, Chaucer, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Dryden, Addison, Garrick, Handel, Camden, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham (chiefly known, perhaps, abroad through Dumas), La belle Stuart of the Hamilton Memoirs, Newton, Dr. Johnson, St. Evremond, and hundreds of other famous men and women. Here, too, are the banners and stalls of Knights of the Bath, and on Sundays the Dean may be seen wearing the order when he officiates at service; the shrine of Edward the Confessor; the altar tomb of Edward I., in which the king still lies with the crown upon his head and the sceptre in his hand; the state sword and shield carried before Edward III. in France as King of France; the helmet, shield, and saddle of Henry V. from Agincourt; the coronation chairs of England and of Scotland, the latter containing the Scotch coronation stone carried off by Edward I. to England. These, indeed, bring back to us the past more than anything that in any other country can be found.

Through Westminster Hall—full of memories of the Great Oyer of Poisoning; of the condemnation of Strafford, and beginning of the civil wars; of the trial of the king; of the acquittal of the seven bishops; of Warren Hastings's and Burke's speeches; of the coronation feasts, and riding in of the champions in full armor, throwing the gauntlet on the floor—we pass, if we will, to the Houses of Parliament, which are modern, or to the crypt of St. Stephen's Chapel, more in keeping with the character of our antiquarian walk. If time remains to us we can strike westward to St. James's Palace, passing the clubs, which form, by their numbers and their stateliness, the finest feature of the London of the day; or, crossing by the Mall, if we desire to prolong our antiquarian tour, so as to visit the historic suburbs, nothing better deserves visit than Chelsea Hospital, still standing exactly as it was left by Wren, who designed it even to its fittings; and Chelsea old church upon the river shore, where the Dacre tomb forms one of the finest of known monuments, and where memories of Sir Thomas More, leading the choir while he was Lord Chancellor, are revived by the touching words of his own inscription on the slab which commemorates his services to the state. Of More's house, where Holbein lived and worked, nothing now remains but the garden wall. But, through the late Cardinal Manning's interest in the memory of the beatified hero of English Catholicism, a Roman Catholic religious house now occupies a portion of the site.



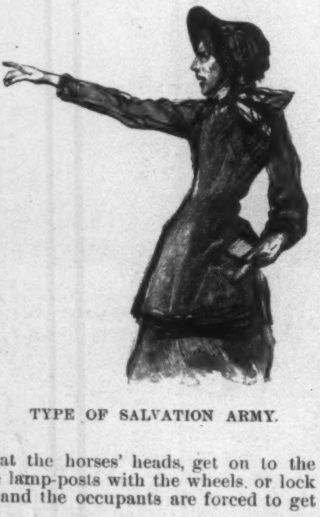
THE PRAYER OF THE CORNET-PLAYER.

To deal with modern London in twenty pages would be as difficult as to treat the history of the old City adequately in a similar space. Since Sir Benjamin Hall's Act, passed in our own times, London has included, north of the Thames, an area larger than that of Paris, and twice as populous; while south of the Thames it includes an area twice as large again as that of London north of the Thames, but far less densely peopled, except in parts which lie round the interesting Church of St. Saviour's, or extend up the river-front towards the beautiful old palace of the Archbishops of Canterbury at Lambeth, or downwards towards the stately Naval Hospital at Greenwich, with its famous banqueting-hall and collection of naval portraits.

Of intermediate London (the London which begins with the reign of Queen Anne, and runs into our own times), on the whole, the most striking monument is St. Paul's, the metropolitan cathedral, to my mind far finer than St. Peter's at Rome, which it imitates, but has surpassed. St. Peter's gains reflected glory from the neighborhood of the Vatican and its treasures, and from the work of Michael Angelo and adornment by Raphael of adjoining buildings. From such men to the greatest of English artists is a fall; but there is artistic work of the present reign about St. Paul's which is not undeserving of notice even by those who are acquainted with the finest things abroad.

Of modern London the greatest attraction to foreigners is to be found in the parks and the Thames Embankment between the House of Commons and Blackfriars, but perhaps ought to be found in the pictures of the National Gallery at Trafalgar Square. Our picture-gallery does not yield in interest even to the British Museum, with its Elgin marbles and its reading-room. Our picture collection is too little known upon the Continent, and too little visited; for it is, perhaps, on the whole, the finest in the world, except as regards modern work. In sculpture we are weak compared with France. For old pictures, although Raphael is badly represented, the English national collection is, in the opinion of many, unsurpassed. The show of the Dutch School is equal to that at the Hermitage, and superior to any other. Although the Madrid collection of Velasquez cannot be touched, Velasquez himself is now adequately represented in London; and the early Italians and the Flemings have their genius better illustrated in London than in any single gallery elsewhere. While there is no one Rubens in London equal to the Descent at Antwerp, while Rubens is far less largely represented than at the Louvre, while there are at the Hague and Amsterdam pictures by Rembrandt, and by the other greatest of the Dutch masters, which are not equalled by any in the English collection, yet the latter, perhaps, better deserves a visit than any other gallery, and its reputation is not equal with its deserts. M. Frédéric Reiset, a former Director of the Louvre, has well described our pictures in his "Une Visite à la National Gallery," which appeared in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* from 1877 to 1878.

When we name the London parks, it is of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens that we chiefly think; for the others, although large and numerous, are not equally remarkable. The Serpentine and Long Water form the largest sheets of artificial water within the limits of a great European city, although they are perhaps not so striking as is the Alster; but Kensington Gardens and Rotten Row are without rivals when their situation within the town is taken into account. No prettier sight in its way can be found than the passing from Knightsbridge Barracks to Hyde Park Corner of a regiment of Household Cavalry, with the band and trumpeters in their state uniforms of gold, on a Drawing-room day in late May or early June, when the trees have their brightest livery of tender green, when the beds are filled with glorious tulips and other flowers of brilliant color, and the rhododendrons are in bloom in dense masses of crimson, white, and lilac rising from the sward, and riders in hundreds gather from the Row to see pass one of the showiest heavy cavalries of the world. The contrast is as great between such a scene and the fog which sometimes in winter lies upon this very spot, making it impossible to see from tree to tree, as that between the Guards and the Salvation Army, or between the "dockers" (as we now call the dock laborers of East London) and the ladies in their basket carriages who have come out to see their friends riding in the park. In winter, fogs are sometimes so thick that broughams taking people to theatres or to dinner, although they have the footmen walking at the horses' heads, get on to the pavement, or catch the lamp-posts with the wheels, or lock with another carriage, and the occupants are forced to get out and walk home.



TYPE OF SALVATION ARMY.

The London which perhaps most interests the foreign observer of the day is the London of Whitechapel, and thieves' suppers, and Salvation Army shelters—the London of the poor—the London of the misery which accompanies at London, as at Liverpool and Glasgow and New York, enormous commercial wealth.

To deal with these awful masses of wretchedness we make in London far more effort—both by spending vastly more money upon charity, and by supplying from among us far more good men and women who devote the personal service of their lives—than is done elsewhere, but with ill success so nearly complete that we cannot plume ourselves much on what we do. The charities of London are somewhat wasteful in the amount of their expenditure upon management. Much good is done by church and chapel congregations, through visiting ladies; but it is not easy to spread this work evenly throughout the town. In the East End and south side, in Clerkenwell and Holborn, in St. Giles's and the neighborhood of Drury Lane, and in the poorest parts of Fulham and of Notting Hill, there are a good many High Church missions scattered about which also are doing much, and the priests of the Roman Catholic Church devote their lives to looking after the poor Irish of London. But with all these efforts, and those of the Salvation Army and similar bodies, only the fringe of the question has as yet been touched. The poor-law system, which is one peculiar to England, and is seen at its best in London, involves the election for the whole country of Boards of Guardians of the Poor, who in London administer districts which have an average population of 100,000 souls. These Boards form themselves into relief committees for sub-districts, and for each such division there is a poor-law medical officer and a relieving officer. For the whole district there is a Workhouse and an Infirmary, as well as a system of poor-law schools outside London, where the pauper children are maintained. The relief committees, meeting generally once a week, see those applicants for relief who are not wholly willing to go straight into the Workhouse or Infirmary, according as they are well or ill. The relieving officer attends the meetings of the committee, and reports upon the cases. Where a workman is in temporary distress, where the bread-winner of the family is sick, or is in jail, or has run away, out-door assistance is given to the family; and in the case of desertion, a warrant is issued for the apprehension of the offender, with a reward to the police for finding him. Old women who have some small source of income, and old couples in a similar case, are helped from the public funds raised by the rating of the locality. Where it is necessary to bring the applicants into the Workhouse, the children go to the poor-law schools. In cases where children are orphan or deserted, there is power to send them across the seas on their personal consent given before two magistrates, and the system of thus sending them to Canada is extending, and is popular with the children, and beneficial to their interests. Where the children are not orphan or deserted, they are taught a trade, and passed from the Workhouse schools—girls into domestic service; the boys into the army bands, as apprentices to shoemakers, to tailors, and the like. Each London workhouse contains on an average 1000 people; mostly old, mostly feeble—a depressing sight. The able-bodied poor are put to work, but they are not numerous. A new system has lately been devised for professional tramps, which virtually imprisons them for a period of two days in exchange for a night's rest and food. In some Unions the orders of the Local Government Board, by which the Guardians are supervised, checking by severe regulations the giving of out-door relief, are set at naught by the sentimentality or the decided opinion of the local guardians. By a union of the Boards of Guardians of the metropolis under statute, a sick-asylum board for the whole metropolis composed of members chiefly elected by the Boards of Guardians, has been created, and this body manages infectious disease—strictly speaking, as regards the pauper class, but in practice as regards all classes whose homes are such that isolation cannot be secured. In small-pox epidemics, in the less difficult cases of a sudden spread of typhoid or scarlet fever, the patients are carried off to a hospital at once, and those who are able to contribute towards their own support, or whose friends can pay, are made to do so through the relief committees.

Typhus has been driven out of London, and no longer exists within the capital, although it is still known at Liverpool, as well as at Leith and in some other towns of Scotland. London has become the healthiest of great cities, but there are extraordinary differences between part and part—the mortality in Bloomsbury falling to twelve in the 1000 for the whole parish, and rising in some of the foulest courts of other parts of London to forty in the 1000.

Small-pox patients are treated in floating hospitals upon the Thames, between which and a neighboring hill there is a private small-pox road, and on the hill a hospital and room for camps in time of epidemic, the convalescents being driven in ambulances from the ships to the hill some miles away, and kept there till there is no danger of contagion. The small-pox patients are conveyed to the ships by special small-pox steamers from special small-pox wharves, and small-pox cases are not treated in the ordinary fever hospitals. The only hitch about the system occurs when we have to face at the same moment a small-pox epidemic and a prolonged fog which prevents all traffic upon the Thames. There is another poor-law purpose, for which London is also one, and which also has its ship upon the Thames—the *Exmouth* man-of-war, manned entirely by poor-law boys, whose drill is equal to that of any sailors in the world. The strong prejudice which exists among the poor against the workhouse does not extend to the poor-law infirmaries, or to the poor-law hospitals, or to the poor-law schools, or to the *Exmouth*, and the public hospital and infirmary system is gaining ground, and ordinary hospitals, supported by voluntary contributions (and partly by large endowments) are declining.

The contrasts of London are sharper even than those of Paris. The town which contains Grosvenor House and Devonshire House—the homes of dukes with hundreds of thousands a year each from land, which can show its miles of houses, each one inhabited by persons having over £5000 a year income—contains also the courts of the Judd Street district, near St. Pancras and Euston stations; contains the house-knacker parts of Clerkenwell; contains the worst districts of St. George the Martyr, Southwark, and the miserable poverty of St. George's-in-the-East. The worst parts of London are those in which miserable courts of tiny cottages have been built upon what were the gardens of good houses, and where the fine houses themselves of Queen Anne's day have come to be inhabited, room by room, by many families, without being built in a manner suited to such occupancy, or provided with any of the conveniences which the tenement system presupposes. Still, the London poor prefer to inhabit such miserable dwellings rather than live in the Peabody blocks, or other barrack dwellings, largely because they carry on wretched trades, such as fur-pulling, and small costermonger work, and match-box-making, and hat-box-making, which involve processes which would be forbidden by the by-laws of the block dwellings.

The trades-unionist operatives of London belonging to such guilds of artisans as the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, the Carpenters and Joiners, the Bricklayers, are the aristocracy of labor, better off, on the whole, than the other workmen of Europe; as well off as the best of those working in the United States or Canada, inferior in their social position among the workmen of the world only to those of the Australian colonies. The problems which we cannot solve in London concern the unskilled laborers and the women workers, for even skilled or half-skilled women are ground down by competition to wretched wage. There are skilled needle-women employed on "fancy" apron-making paid 2*s.* 6*d.* for twelve dozen, able to make four dozen in a day by good work. The match-box makers receive 2¼*d.* for 144 boxes, they finding the tow and paste, and fuel for the drying that is needed in damp weather. They work hard for twelve to fourteen hours daily, and their earnings average 6*s.* to 7*s.* a week. Sack-making, tobacco-sorting, paper-bag-making, book-folding, rag-sorting, are on the average no better paid, and there are in London, in these and similar employments and in confectionery factories, vast numbers of women earning but from 10*d.* to 1*s.* a day, although they have to display some skill.

In 1883 the attention of the Queen was called to the condition of the housing of the people in London, and her Majesty wrote to her then ministry, calling their attention to "the deplorable condition of the houses of the poor," as she wished "to learn whether the government contemplate the introduction of any measures, or propose to take any steps to obtain more precise information as to the true state of affairs." It was in consequence of this action on the part of her Majesty that I was directed in October, 1883, to make myself acquainted with the condition of the worst parts of London. My object, as I stated it at the time, was "to test administrative powers under the present law"; but as we had to show that the local authority had "made default," it was necessary for me to take cases as to which medical officers of the district had reported to their vestries or district boards and nothing had been done. At this time I met all the medical officers of health of the poor parts of London, with the district surveyors of the parishes, each man in his own district, and visited with them all those places on which they had reported without success. Making my own notes, I picked out the worse cases, and when certain that I was on firm ground, took occasion to mention them in public, so as to put pressure on the local authorities. I found the worst districts to be in St. George the Martyr, Newington, and St. Saviour's on the south side of the Thames; for these were worse than even the worst parts of St. Pancras, than the worst neighborhood of Holborn near Mount Pleasant and Hatton Garden and Saffron Hill, than the worst parts of Marylebone near Lisson Grove, than the worst parts of St. George-in-the-East, of Shoreditch, of Limehouse, of Bermondsey, and of Whitechapel, bad though all these were. The neighborhood in which there was the most evil connection between bad local government and bad housing was Clerkenwell, a parish in which at that time the local authority was in the hands of "house-farmers," or "house-knackers," as the men are called who buy the ends of leases, and let the houses in infamous condition at high rents by breaking them up into single rooms.

After all, however, the greatest peculiarity of London, that which most distinguishes it from all other towns, is its overwhelming size. It contains many open spaces, parks, and even metropolitan commons, which are fast becoming parks in fact, but now virtually no unbuilt-on ground; and beyond the London of the County Council and the census, on many sides we are still in town. The borough of West Ham, in itself an enormous town, returning two members to Parliament, and under-represented with its two, the borough of Croydon, the district of Chiswick, and many others, are indistinguishable from London, although outside London. Without them, London proper is so vast as to make the crossing of it on the outside of an omnibus from Chiswick through Hammersmith, and Kensington, and Knightsbridge, and Piccadilly, the Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, Cheapside, Cornhill, Leadenhall Street, Aldgate, Whitechapel High Street, and the Mile End Road, or Commercial Road East, one of the great sights of the world; especially when we remember that in London this is not a single line of length, but that London from north to south is as wide as from east to west it is long. London is a labyrinth and a beehive, both on an enormous scale; and the manner in which London contrives to feed itself, to live and grow, constitutes the chief wonder of the world.

Here, then, is a London in fewer than "twenty pages"—an incomplete and perfunctory London, as must needs be, we shall see, when we institute a comparison between its area or its population and those of the other cities described in this volume at much greater relative length. I have aimed only at giving a mere picture in three panels—old central London, the new rich west, and the poor districts—rather than a catalogue of names, a guide-book, or a map. My reward will be if I succeed in tempting foreign tourists to visit still more freely than in the past that city full of interest in which I and my fathers back to the Commonwealth were born, and which I love well.

Charles W. Dilke

NOTE.—The previous papers of this series, entitled "Capitals of the World," were published in HARPER'S WEEKLY as follows:

"Paris," in No. 1837.
"St. Petersburg," in No. 1841.
"Constantinople," in No. 1846.
"Rome," in No. 1850.
"Geneva," in No. 1856.
"Athens," in No. 1859.
"Pekin," in No. 1862.
"Cairo," in No. 1864.
"Berlin," in No. 1866.

COLUMBUS CELEBRATION AT GENOA.

COLUMBUS festivities are by no means confined to this continent. Spain and Italy have taken a hand in the quadricentennial celebrations, and the civilized world is certainly doing reverence to the memory of the great Admiral. The Columbus Exposition at Genoa has been illustrated in previous numbers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and the climax was reached on the occasion of the visit of the King and Queen of Italy. The great naval review took place on September 12th. The harbor was crowded with craft of all kinds, ranging from the small row-boat to the modern man of war. Germany, France, Austria, Italy, England, and the United States were represented in the magnificent display of war-vessels. Brilliant decorations of flags and bunting gave the display an air of peace, but the thundering salutes of the war-ships awakened the martial ardor of the spectators. Their Majesties put off in the royal yacht *Savoie*, and after visiting the flag-ships of the Continental squadrons, the King and Queen came on board the U. S. S. *Newark*. They were received with full honors by the ship's officers, and upon presentation by the captain, "the King and Queen cordially shook hands with each." After a drill and exercises their Majesties proceeded to the commander's cabin, where they were dined. King Humbert complimented the officers upon the fine appearance of the crew and ship, and altogether there was a right royal time. The King created each of the commanders of the visiting war-ships a Commander of the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus. On the evening of the review the harbor was illuminated, and thousands of spectators enjoyed the scene. For several days Genoa was in a state of excitement, balls and fêtes of all kinds engrossing general attention, with the King and Queen and their suites as the central figures. There was also a political side to the celebration, the Paris *Temps* attaching much importance to the interview between the King and the French admiral, which is regarded as beneficial to the interests of peace in Europe. If the various Columbus festivities have any such influence upon mankind, bringing together representatives of opposing nations and uniting them in friendship, the present year of grace will hold as high a place in history as the '92 of four centuries before.

THE INDIANS AS ARTISTS.

THE process of collecting statistics for the census has been the incentive to a great deal of individual branching off into side issues, on which latter much light was thrown in many instances. This was in some cases directly encouraged by the authorities, as in the selection of the six men sent out West to gather information regarding the Indians. The six were all artists, their appointment having been the idea of Mr. Thomas Donaldson, of Philadelphia, who reasoned that they would be sure to make artistic memoranda that might serve as the nuclei for future paintings to perpetuate the fast-disappearing phases of Indian life. But, besides this, they have also brought back examples of what the redskins themselves can produce in the way of art. Thus, Walter Shirlaw, who was sent to the Crows and Cheyennes, found a certain artistic feeling developed in the latter tribe. Among the mementos of his Western trip he treasures two miniature buckskin tepees, the sides of which were covered with scenes of battle and of the hunt. Crude as these drawings are, they are yet executed in a simple and straightforward manner, and evince, comparatively, much keenness of observation.

Similarly, Mr. George F. Kunz, the gem expert, who visited the West and Southwest in the summer of 1889 to obtain statistics on precious stones for the census, brought to New York, besides many curious and rare specimens of American gems, a quite unique collection of examples of Indian handiwork. The latter formed an exhibit of great interest ethnologically, and as illustrating certain branches of quasi-barbaric art industry.

Much of the work is by Indians of to-day, but some is rather more archaic. Such is the wonderful basket-work of the Tule, Klamath, and other Indians of California. These baskets are really beautiful examples of aboriginal skill. Many of them date back fifty years, or even a whole century, but these are much superior to the modern examples of similar Indian basket-work. Though very elastic, they are strong and firm, woven so tightly that some twenty-five stitches are put in to the inch. Varicolored designs run around the sides, and feathers and beads are intermingled with the basket-work and project from the interstices. The baskets have no handles, and are shaped somewhat like those used in that mild and innocent form of amusement known as "tiddledy-winks," varying from three to fifteen inches in diameter.

The Pueblos seem to be the jewellers among the redskins. They cut, grind, and polish turquoises, which they string together and wear as ear-rings and pendants. Of course their lapidary-work is of an exceedingly primitive kind. They also use the turquoise in other ways. Thus their queer fetiches for producing rain, carved into a rude semblance of prairie-dogs, are ornamented with brilliant little eyes of turquoise. This turquoise jewelry is much sought after by the other tribes. The Pueblos acquire, in return for it, baskets from the Apaches, silver-work and blankets from the Navajos, and ponies from various tribes, notably the San Felipes and the Navajos. As many as ten ponies are sometimes given in exchange for a fine string of turquoises.

Similarly, the far-famed silver-work of the Navajos is also a much prized object of barter among the Indian tribes. This, too, is traded for the baskets of the Apaches, the turquoises of the Pueblos, and for horses from various tribes. Consequently this Indian silver-work is found throughout Arizona, New Mexico, and Indian Territory.

This work perhaps most of all indicates the art standards and principles of the red man of to-day, and his capability in artistic execution. It is barbaric art, of course, as Mr. Kunz says. Yet it does not lack system, and a certain scheme of ornamentation is visible throughout, exemplified in and emphasized by various oft-recurring forms. This ornamentation generally consists in a characteristic and peculiar fluting around the edges of the silver-ware, and in scallop decoration and dotted borders. Arrows, hearts, coyotes, and horses are oft-recurring forms.

These dusky silversmiths generally use coin silver for their work. Uncle Sam's money is used—dimes, quarters, half-dollars, and dollars—and is frequently not melted, but beaten out into the form of rounded buttons. This shell or shield form seems to be most popular, and occurs again and again. It is used principally in necklaces and belts, the shells being either mounted side by side in a long row upon a band of leather (in belts), or placed together, with the openings face to face and the round sides outward (in necklaces). Other forms are much used for pendants and ear-rings—hearts, double crescents, disks, scallop shapes, etc. For these the silver must of course be melted down, as also for the belts, the large shields on which latter take up about three dollars apiece.

Beside these belts, necklaces, and ear-rings, there are also shoe-buckles, mountings on harness, shawl-pins, and heavy rings set with turquoise from New Mexico, and garnets from the Navajo reservation. Bracelets there are, too, which have no spring or clasp, but which are C-shaped, the ends being pretty near together, and are bent until they slip over the wrist, where they stay. Other wristbands serve for a useful as well as an ornamental purpose. They are made of leather, ornamented with silver, and are intended to protect the wrist when drawing the bow. The ear-rings, big and heavy, are usually attached in quite a primitive way, a cord being run through the top and passed through a hole bored in the ear. Then there are also queer double crosses, much in demand, for the Roman Catholic Church has made many converts among the Indians in Arizona and New Mexico. A queer contrast to these is offered by a small but dangerous-looking little dagger, a miniature affair. The whole weapon, handle and all, measures some three and a half inches, of which a little over two fall to the blade. The little knife, which probably at one time nestled in the stocking of some Mexican beauty, is handled with great respect and care by those who show it, as they are evidently not at all sure that it is not poisoned. Finally there is a set of silver coffee-spoons, which are of much less interest than the other work. They are made for sale, made for the "pale-faces," and show more crudeness than originality.

This silver-work, with all its crudeness—rendered more apparent by the proximity of some of the finest examples of the silversmith's art when I first saw it—is, nevertheless, really remarkable in its way. Especially so when we consider what primitive tools these Indians have. A few chisels and hammers, a wooden block, and a small furnace, that is all.

The ware is such as most of us would hardly expect from a people upon whom we are accustomed to look as a race of warriors. Considering all circumstances, it is skilfully manufactured and evinces a fair degree of artistic feeling, not highly developed, but yet present.

FRANK LINSTOW WHITE.

IN THE SHADOWS.

BY RICHARD BURTON.

As the shadows filled the room with peace,
  We spoke of our absent friends:
How some were dead and some were sped
  To the far-away earth ends.

And by some magic of yearning hearts,
  The lost seemed warm and near;
Yea, loved so much we could almost touch
  Their hands and feel them here.

And when the lamps were lit, and speech
  Waxed merrier, yet the place
Felt strangely bare, and each one there
  Missed some belovèd face.

TROLLEY *VS.* HOUR-GLASS.

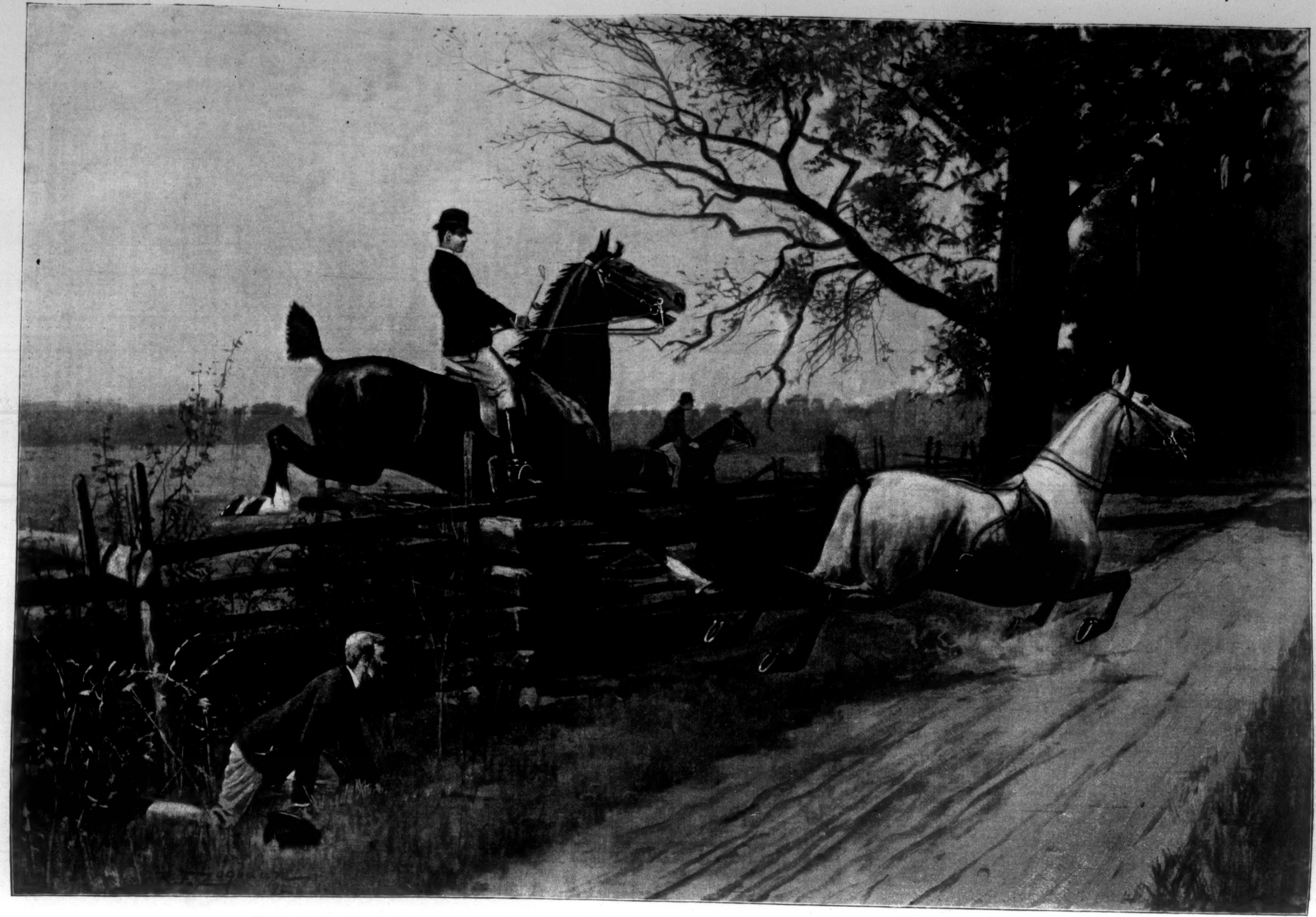
OBSERVATION of the working of the trolley-car system in American cities suggests some considerations as to contemporary methods of measuring the value of human life. The trolley cars go fast, and for that reason—or because they are heavy, or for reasons connected with their machinery—they cannot be instantly stopped. Consequently, in cities where they are used, they run against a good many people, and they kill a considerable proportion of the people whom they strike. Such killing gets due publicity; the newspapers chronicle it, and the coroner sits on the remains of the victims. We presume that it will not be denied in any city where trolley cars run that they are two or three times as homicidal as horse cars. Nevertheless, it is very doubtful if the population of any city where they have once got in could be induced to go back to horse cars, or consent to the substitution of any less dangerous motor which would lessen the death-rate at the cost of a material reduction of the rate of speed.

For the way the popular mind reasons about it seems to be that the trolley cars save more time for the people they carry than they waste for the people they kill; consequently they are a gainful institution. When they kill a man of middle age and reasonable expectation of living, they wipe out, say, twenty years of that man's time. Twenty years is 10,512,000 minutes. Suppose that in the city where the middle-aged man got killed the trolley cars carry 20,000 people a day, at an average saving of five minutes of time for each passenger. That would be 100,000 minutes saved daily, so that it would take 105 days to make up the time wasted by the premature death of the middle-aged man. At that rate, the trolley cars in a comparatively small town might kill three middle-aged men more a year than the horse-cars do, and still be able to show a gratifying saving of the time of the community.

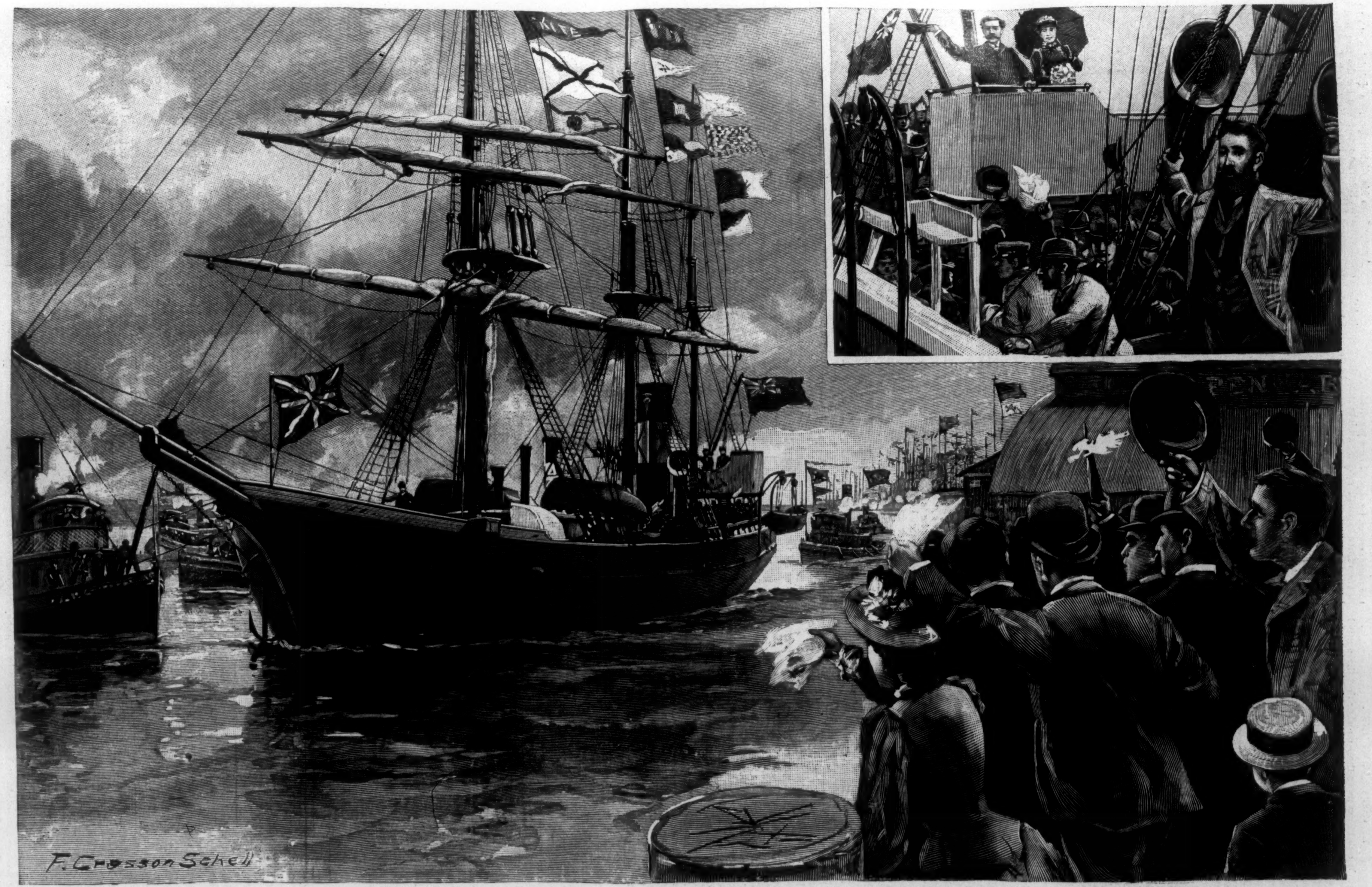
As a matter of fact, the people who get killed are usually children or old people—particularly old people. Of course an old person's expectation of life being small, old people make the least extravagant form of killing that the trolley can find. For four old people good for five years each, however much lamented by their friends, would count no more, statistically, against the trolley company than one middle-aged man with twenty years to run. Children, too, make fairly cheap killing, since their expectation of life is not very good, especially when they are little. The practical, contemporaneous way, therefore, to ascertain whether the trolley cars are an advantage to any particular town is to compute the expectation of life of the people killed by them in a year, and compare it with the estimated annual saving of time to the surviving passengers.

The quality of time of course cannot be gone into. The time saved being that of thousands of passengers, is average time, and the time wasted must be regarded as the same. If a person gets killed whose life, by reason of learning or high character, seems too valuable to be offset by the salvage of any aggregation of mere average odd moments, there is no help for it but to lump him in with the rest, and hope the next victim may be so much stupider and wickeder than usual as to bring the average right again.

Wherever it can be demonstrated that the trolley system in any particular town is taking more life, which is to say more time, than it is entitled to, a reasonable utilitarian argument immediately offers against that particular line. If it can be shown that for a considerable term its homicides have more than offset the time saved by its speedier locomotion, there may be a chance of abating it, or at least of modifying its habits. But even then it isn't easy. The dead make no complaints, and are quickly forgotten, and the living are always ready to take chances. Wherever the trolley system is not wanted the ounce of prevention should be earnestly applied; for if that fails, the pound of cure may grow to be a ton, and yet not prove an effectual remedy.



FROM POINT TO POINT—A CROSS-COUNTRY STEEPLE-CHASE IN THE GENESEE VALLEY.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 971.]


KITE
F. Cresson Schell

THE RETURN OF THE PEARY EXPEDITION—THE ARRIVAL OF THE "KITE" IN PHILADELPHIA.—Drawn by F. Cresson Schell.—[See Page 967.]

A GROUP OF CHAMPION ATHLETES.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

If there is one thing more than another that the annual Amateur Athletic Union championships emphasize, it is the rapidity with which we produce champion athletes in the United States. The interest in track and field athletics has become so widespread in the last few years that none but phenomenal men like Mitchell, Dohm, Owen, Cary, and Jewett can hope to hold championships' honors for more than a year or two at most. Some day, when I have more time and space, a comparison of the changes in records and championships might prove to be interesting reading. Before Mitchell came to this country with the Gaelic team, Queckberner, who was then of the Staten Island Athletic Club, but now of the Manhattan A.C., and W. L. Coudon, of the New York Athletic Club, divided the 16-pound hammer and 56-pound-weight honors. Mitchell remained here when his team returned to Europe and became a member of the Manhattan Athletic Club, under the colors of which he made his first American records. From the M. A. C. he drifted into the New Jersey Athletic Club, and from that into the New York Athletic Club, of which he is now a member.

He has been written about so much that his performances are pretty well known throughout the country, and only a few therefore of his best will be given here. No athlete has ever won as many first medals or broken so many records in the same length of time. Mitchell has secured something like 331 prizes and broken 57 records! Of these, nine were American records, five English, eighteen Irish, and six Canadian. He holds the world's record of 141 feet 9 inches, made at Philadelphia June 18, '91, with the 16-pound hammer, and at the last Canadian championships he threw it 146 feet, but it was a foul, and consequently went for nothing except to show that Mitchell has not reached his limit. He also holds the world's record with the 56 of 35 feet 6 inches, made June 11, '92, at Travers Island. Neither of these two wonderful performances has been approached. His best shot put is 43 feet 6 inches, and not 40 feet 4½ inches, as stated last week under AMATEUR SPORT.

Mitchell has always been an athlete, having begun at fourteen years, and, strange enough, as a runner and jumper, at which he has very fair records. Although doing good work at home, he has shown form in the last two years never attained while he was "one of the matchless men of Tipperary." His greatest year's work was in '91, during which season he made a new world's record with the 16-pound hammer four times, and with the 56-pound weight three times. No athlete ever made such a record in the hammer and 56-pound-weight events as has Mitchell. He has broken records in every style known to these games—one hand, both hands, with a seven-foot run, and with an unlimited run and follow, for height and for distance. His record is a remarkable one. In condition he weighs 210 pounds, has a chest measurement of 46 inches, and is 6 feet half an inch tall.

George R. Gray, of the New York Athletic Club, is another athletic wonder whose fame will always live, for no amateur can touch him in putting the shot. He made his first appearance at the Canadian championships held at Toronto, Canada, in '85, while yet a lad, and astonished every one by defeating the bulky Barry, who outweighed him by nearly fifty pounds, and winning his first medal. He then became a member of the New York Athletic Club, and in '88 accompanied that club's team to Europe. It was here really where he began his very remarkable career of record-making. Up to this time Lambrecht had held the American record of 43 feet, while the world's record stood at 43 feet 10 inches. Gray on this trip won English and Irish championships, and the world's record by a put of 43 feet 11 inches. His form is perfection, and has never been duplicated by any other athlete, amateur or professional. He gets his utmost power behind the shot just at the precise moment, and uses it to the best advantage, which is something no other amateur has succeeded in doing. His best record is 46 feet 7¾ inches, and that is not considered his limit. Whenever he desires to establish a new record, he generally succeeds; but as no one ever gets within about four feet of him in competition, his record-making is almost invariably in an exhibition.

Great things were expected this year of Harry M. Jewett, of the Detroit Athletic Club, as he was reported from Detroit to be making some very fast practice trials in both the 100 and 220 yards. He more than fulfilled our expectations at the Canadian championships by winning the 220-yard run, around a turn, in 21⅗ seconds, which becomes the world's record. No man ever before travelled 220 yards so fast, and if the track had been straight-away, instead of around a turn, the time would probably have been still better. Jewett made practically his first appearance in competition last year; he had been running in the West at his college and club games, and we had received great accounts of what he could do. The previous year John Owen, Jun., also of the Detroit Athletic Club, had come East, and shown our crack sprinters what fast going was where he came from, following it up last year by making the world's record of 9⅘ in the 100 yards. Consequently, we had great respect for Western runners, and were afraid of Mr. Jewett even before his form had been seen. In the Canadian championships of '91 Eastern athletes had an opportunity of seeing what great strength he had, and what a burst of speed on the finish of a 220. He ran very close to Cary in the 100, but in the 220 he overhauled the Manhattan A.C. sprinter, and ran away from him. At St. Louis he was not so successful, as Cary took both events. (Luther Cary's arrival in the East, and his determination to compete in the championships, was not announced until this article had been completed, otherwise Cary would have been put down for the 100 yards. His portrait has appeared several times in the WEEKLY, the best one, probably, in issue of June 6, 1891.) In addition to his sprinting, Jewett is somewhat of an all-round man. He first came into prominence as the maker of a new running hop, step, and jump record of 44 feet 8¾ inches, which was broken shortly afterwards by J. B. Connolly, of Boston. His other performances are running high jump, 5 feet 10 inches; running broad jump, 21 feet 4¾; 16-pound shot, 35 feet 8¾; he weighs about 170, is six feet tall, and a magnificent specimen of the ideal athlete.

In connection with this group of champion sprinters, it is timely, perhaps, to speak of two new-comers who will some day, if they persist, wear championship honors. One, the most dangerous rival Jewett or Cary would have this year were he here, is Wager Swayne, N.Y.A.C., who made his first appearance last season at Yale. He is now in Europe, to remain for some months, but when he returns, if he trains, he will give Jewett, or any one else, the race of his life. His style is the best shown by any sprinter on the track to-day; he runs low, with great speed and strength. The other, E. W. Allen, also a Yale man, and a member of the New York Athletic Club, is very fast and somewhat awkward. In another season of hard-training, to smooth down the rough edges, he should be a possibility.

Theo Luce is another young athlete from the Detroit Athletic Club who has come into prominence in the past year. He is not a wonder, but by patient work has developed his game, pole-vaulting, to a very good standard. He won both the Canadian and National championships last year at 10 feet and 10 feet 6½, which is not remarkable, and will hardly win for him this year if the reports of what W. S. Rodenbaugh, of the Athletic Club of Schuylkill Navy (Philadelphia), has been doing recently are true. The Philadelphian's style is very good. He does not get on much speed in his run, but he manages his pole with utmost skill, and gets a good lift with his arms just as he is clearing. He won the championship in '90 at 10 feet 6 inches, and surprised himself as well as every one else, as he had stopped training, and had been laying off several weeks immediately previous to the championship. He is said to have raised H. H. Baxter's—N. Y. A. C.—record of 11 feet 5 inches the other day by three-eighths of an inch, and his securing the A.A.U. championship looks very probable. Good pole-vaulters are scarce. The game is somewhat of a dangerous one, and requires great skill and much perseverance to reach championship form.

T. B. Turner, M.A.C., is a Princeton University undergraduate who has been running for several seasons, and has gradually won his way from mediocrity to a place at the very top. He is not Walter Dohm's peer—it will be a long time before such another is developed—but Turner comes nearer to Dohm than any man we have had. Although having run for some time, the first race in which he made an impression on the public was in the half-mile at the Intercollegiate championships in '91, where he finished second to Wright, of Yale, in 1.59⅕. This year he won the Intercollegiate half in 1.59⅘; he has been credited with better time, but I believe this stands as his best public performance. He is not graceful, but he has a strong, steady stride, and runs a race with much judgment. His pluck is quite equal to his powers of endurance, which are pronounced, and he never is beaten until the tape is crossed. As a repeater he is another Downs, and he has made some very game races in his career. It is not unusual for him to run a quarter around 50 seconds, and a half in about two minutes, in the same set of games. Since Dohm's retirement he is the fastest half-miler up to date, although he was beaten by the Canadian Waldron last week in the Canadian championships, owing probably to misjudging his man.

Although Walter Dohm, N. Y. A. C. and Princeton, has not been running this year, a group of champions would hardly be complete without him. No athlete stands so close to the Lon Myers standard as does Dohm. I say stands "so close," because, although he has done some better performances so far as the recorded time goes, tracks and conditions generally were not so conducive to record-making in the days of Myers's great running as in Dohm's day. If any athlete could have beaten Myers at his best, Dohm certainly is the man. American athletics are indebted to football for Dohm, as an injury to his knee, which temporarily laid him up, sent him on to the track to limber up, and thus to discover the ability that was afterwards to stamp him one of the greatest middle-distance runners we ever had. His American record for the half-mile of 1.54⅕ was made last year, and it must always be regretted that there was no one to pull him out in '91, as he was fit to lower the world's record of 1.54⅗ made in '88 by the Englishman F. J. K. Cross of Oxford. Dohm's best performances make a record of which any athlete may well be proud—100 yards, 10⅕ seconds; 220 yards, 22⅕ seconds; 440 yards, 49⅕ seconds; 880 yards, 1.54⅕.

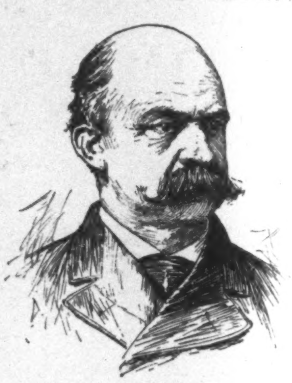
W. C. Downs, New York Athletic Club, has been for the past three seasons the fastest quarter-miler in this country. His right to that distinction has been challenged once or twice, and he was defeated on one occasion by Mortimer Remington, M. A. C., but he turned the tables on his rival in the very next race where they met. Although Remington, at his best, was a good man, and would be again if he trained properly, it has always been my opinion that he was not so fast as Downs, and that the latter would defeat him in two races out of three. Downs began his athletic career while a student at Harvard, and at first devoted himself to half-miles, at which he was very good. It was when he went in for quarters, however, that he struck his pace, and it proved to be a pretty stiff one. He ran a great many good races during his undergraduate days, and during a time when first-class quarter-milers were plentiful, Harvard alone turning them out by the score. His best performance was 47⅘ on a straight-away course at Beacon Park, Boston, a couple of years ago, but the record was never given him by the Amateur Athletic Union, because, for some unexplained reason, one or two professionals and several clubmen in Boston made it their business to dispute and raise all manner of argument against its acceptance. Aside from that, the best performance of Downs is 49 seconds, which has been equalled by another college man, Shattuck, of Amherst, in the last two years. These two would have made a great race.

This year John Owen, Jun., of the Detroit Athletic Club, is coming to the National championships to run in the quarter, and Downs will probably have the hardest race of his career. It hardly seems as though Owen is strong enough to keep up the pace Downs would set, for of course the latter would not be silly enough to allow such a sprinter as Owen to be in the lead at the homestretch if he could help it. Still, Owen has the build of a runner—broad chest, good legs, and a strong stride. If he should win, the time would probably be below 49, and it would be a grand race, for both men are athletes of the finest quality.

Harry Morrell, of the New York Athletic Club, is the most recent addition to the champions of this country, and his muscular development is the handsomest of them all. He is a symmetrical object-lesson of the great value of all-round athletic work. He began his athletic career in '89, and has competed successfully in almost every distance from 1000 yards down to 100. He won the Y.M.C.A. all-round individual championship at every attempt, and has taken prizes at rope-climbing, three-legged racing, and putting the shot. Hurdling had not received especial attention from him until November 1, '90, when from the two-yard mark he ran away from Copland in the 220 hurdles at the in-door games of the Manhattan Athletic Club. His performance at this time stamped him as a coming champion, and he has been steadily improving ever since. Last year, at the National championships held in St. Louis, he won the 220 hurdles in 25⅕ seconds on a track so heavy that it must have made a couple of fifths difference in the time. At the Canadian championships last week he won the high hurdles (120 yards) in 15⅘ seconds, equalling the world's record of H. L. Williams.

Morrell is destined to make some great records before he retires.

PERSONAL.



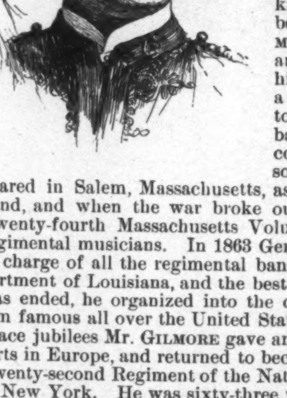
APART from his distinction as a politician, the late General **JAMES W. HUSTED** was noted for the fact that he had represented his district in the New York Legislature for a longer period of time—eighteen years—than any other member, and that he had sat in the Speaker's chair for six terms, one term more than any other representative. He was a graduate of Yale College, in **CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW**'s class, and was a well-trained lawyer, though he preferred political honors to those to be won at the bar. In masonry he attained the high rank of the thirty-third degree, and was for a time Grand Master of the fraternity in New York, while his profound knowledge of parliamentary law made him one of the ablest presiding officers of his time. General **HUSTED** was a life-long Republican, and though a partisan he was most popular with men of other parties as well. His prominence as a party leader extended to national politics, and it was while participating in the proceedings of the convention at Minneapolis that he was stricken with the illness that caused his death. His title of general was conferred on him by Governor **DIX**, who appointed him in 1873 to the command of the fifth division of the New York National Guard. He lacked one year of being sixty.

—General **BOOTH**, the commander of the Salvation Army, has established a farm colony, some forty miles from London, for the reclamation of drunkards and the idle and vicious who have been captured, as it were, by the soldiers of his army. The farm embraces 1500 acres of excellent land, and the experiment of practical soul-saving gives promise of being successful. There are now nearly 400 reclaimed men at work in the colony, and many of them have become physically if not morally regenerated by their experience of honest labor to which they were previously unaccustomed.

—Among the interesting souvenirs of great actors with which **HENRY IRVING**'s rooms in London are filled is a pathetic reminder of the last days of **EDMUND KEAN**. It is a small purse of green silk found in **KEAN**'s pocket, empty, when he died, and presented to Mr. **IRVING** by **ROBERT BROWNING**, who had treasured it carefully for years. Mr. **IRVING**'s admiration for **SHAKESPEARE** has led him to collect no fewer than thirty editions of the great dramatist's works, some of them early, all of them rare, and one, an example of the bookbinder's highest art, worth $2500.

—How much more valuable a kingdom in Africa is than a castle in Spain is a matter of uncertainty. **MOMOLU MASSAQUOI**, a negro, who has for two years been a student at a Nashville, Tennessee, college, has received word that by the death of his father, King **BELAH**, he has become monarch of the land of Veh, near Liberia, in West Africa, and he is now preparing to return home to ascend his paternal throne. **MOMOLU** is a youth of twenty, who was converted to Christianity in Africa by an American missionary, Bishop **PENICK**, some years ago.

—Journalists in England have fared almost as well in the Queen's recent distribution of titles as their American brethren have in receiving diplomatic appointments from the hands of the President. **EDWARD LAWSON**, of the London *Telegraph*, **JOHN JAFFRAY**, of the Birmingham *Post*, and Captain **G. C. ARMSTRONG**, of the London *Globe*, were made baronets, and Dr. **WILLIAM SMITH**, editor of the *Quarterly Review*, was knighted. Captain **ARMSTRONG**'s honor is of especial interest for the reason that after winning enviable fame as a soldier, and becoming disabled in middle life, he chose a new profession, and almost immediately attained high rank in it.



—The late **PATRICK SARSFIELD GILMORE**, who will live in popular memory as the greatest of American band-masters, probably attained his highest renown at the time of the second "peace jubilee" in Boston, in 1872, when, in a hall with a seating capacity of 50,000, he gathered about him a chorus of 20,000 voices, and an orchestra of 1000 instruments. His reputation as a music leader at that time became world-wide, and made him almost as well known abroad as he had been at home. Mr. **GILMORE** was born in Dublin, and was always proud of his nativity, though when a boy of eighteen he came to Canada with a military band of which he had become a member. Very soon thereafter he appeared in Salem, Massachusetts, as the leader of a brass band, and when the war broke out he enlisted with the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers as leader of the regimental musicians. In 1863 General **BANKS** placed him in charge of all the regimental bands comprised in the department of Louisiana, and the best of these, when the war was ended, he organized into the colossal band that made him famous all over the United States. At the close of his peace jubilees Mr. **GILMORE** gave an extended series of concerts in Europe, and returned to become band-master of the Twenty-second Regiment of the National Guard of the State of New York. He was sixty-three years old.

—Archbishop **VAUGHAN**, of Westminster, on whom the pallium was recently conferred with imposing ceremonies in London, was a Captain in the Crimean war, in which he gained the reputation of being a good soldier, a brave officer, and a man of extraordinary coolness under fire. He was the son of one of her Majesty's crack officers, Lieutenant-Colonel **VAUGHAN**, of Herefordshire, and it was not until he had returned from his service in the Crimea that he determined to abandon the army for the church. There were several instances in our own civil war of staff-officers becoming bishops of the church, but Dr. **VAUGHAN** is probably the only English prelate of modern times who has risen from the soldier's tent to an archbishopric.

AMATEVR · SPORT

THERE ARE NO AMATEURS among that class of bicyclists known as the racing contingent, although, by the grace of the League of American Wheelmen, they are called amateurs, instead of being relegated to the professional ranks, where they belong. The present state of affairs in cycle-racing is simply distressing; the racing men are travelling the identical path trodden by the "amachoor" boxers, and with the aid of corresponding agents, viz., a weak-kneed governing body (the L. A. W.) and clubs recreant to their amateur trust. There is still another evil agent at work, and that is the bicycle manufacturer, who, by tempting offers, has lured many a rider from the field of honest sport.

It would be a hopeless and a thankless task to even attempt to raise the present cyclists to a pure amateur basis; I fear they are imbued with the taint of professionalism beyond redemption; they do not want a pure amateur basis; by their own confession they would prefer money prizes; and they are racing to-day solely for what they can make out of it.

These men, then, by their own showing, are amateurs (*sic*) only because there is no professional arena in which they can make as much money; and where the heart is professional it is a waste of good time to attempt reformation.

IT MUST BE EXTREMELY MORTIFYING to American sportsmen—it is to me—not to be able to point with pride to the fast riding of our racing cyclists as the work of amateurs. How can one be proud of a countryman, be his work never so clever, who is riding under false colors, which is tantamount to saying he is leading a dishonest life? A man who is dishonest in his sport I would not trust in any walk of life. There are no degrees of honesty.

I claim that some of the manufacturers and some of our clubs are responsible for the souls of many unsophisticated young men whom they have led astray. I have no language strong enough to express my contempt and the contempt of all fair-minded men for the officials of clubs who will deliberately plan the pollution of innocent and ignorant lads for the sake of securing a few more points than the rival club.

This question of legislation in amateur sport is too lightly considered, and intrusted too often to men not in touch with its truer and higher significance. Sport is an educator of the boy; if he is honest and fair in that, he will follow a similar course in the more serious walks of life. If a trickster in his play, he is likely to carry it into his business.

WE NEED GOVERNING BODIES in amateur sport that will stick to the standard, come what may. The Amateur Athletic Union tolerated clubs and boxers that it knew to be professional to the core, but would not root out because the boxing championships annually put considerable money into the A.A.U. treasury; and the L.A.W. looks on listlessly at the disgraceful condition of racing, and does nothing, probably for fear of incurring the displeasure of the manufacturers and some of the clubs. The L.A.W. knows, as well as every one else, that these bicyclists are receiving remuneration for their riding, and if it was made of the proper stuff, it would act, and not proclaim so loudly its inability to check the evil.

THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO DO IT—adopt the rule of the Amateur Athletic Union that first prizes must not exceed $35 in value, and that the rider shall receive expenses to and from a meeting, allowing him two days only on the grounds to become accustomed to the track.

If the intentions of the L.A.W. are equal to its protestations, why does it not act, and act immediately? Reducing the prize limit will have the desired effect, and for very good reasons. These men ride simply for what money there is in it. If the prizes are cut down to $35, their enthusiasm will fall perceptibly, and they will eventually drop out, leaving the field to those who ride for sport and not for a living. The more prominent racing cyclists, like Zimmerman, Munger, Taylor, Berlo, Tyler, Hess, and some others, spend their entire time racing about the country; they have neither business nor independent income. Will any one tell me they are travelling about for their health? A bit of history of one will answer as a specimen sketch. Carl Hess came to this country last winter or spring, and, it is said, was about entering the professional bicycle tournament held in the Madison Square Garden, when a member of the Manhattan Athletic Club got hold of him. Since that time he has been racing under the colors of the M.A.C.; he has no business, had no money originally, and yet he seems to thrive.

Of course these men are clever enough to cover up their violations, so that nothing definite may be fastened to them; and if the L. A. W. waits until it discovers one of these racing cyclists with brand-new currency in his hands, it will never act.

THE L. A. W. IS REALLY TO BLAME for a greater part of this deception by permitting such ridiculous prizes to be given. It is a constant and natural temptation to successful cyclists to dispose of the accumulation of valuable prizes.

To allow the offering of such prizes as have been given this year jeopards the sport seriously. To give pianos, teams of horses, building lots, diamonds, etc., is doubly dangerous. It excites the cupidity of the contestants to an injurious degree, and creates an irresistible temptation to dispose of them. What is the average clerk to do with a team of horses when he is not earning enough to pay for their oats? Riders like Zimmerman, Windle, Taylor, and one or two others, in a season accumulate a dozen bicycles, probably a piano or two, horses, building lots, watches, and diamond rings without number. What are they going to do with them? It is not fair to ask them to give them away. They become professionals if they sell them. What, then, are they to do? It is like putting some money in a youngster's pocket and enjoining him not to spend it. It is criminal to put temptation in the way of others; and if these young men have fallen, the L. A. W. is more or less responsible. Really this prize question is the root of all the evil. If clubs would not give such valuable trophies, and thus stir up the covetousness in the nature of the contestants, there would be none of this professional element.

If a young man rides for the love of the sport, he values the gold medal just as highly as he does a diamond ring. If he is making his living at the sport, he is a professional, and wants all he can get naturally.

The other blot on cycling is the rider who is being paid by some manufacturer to make the racing circuit and ride his make of machine. These men claim to be in the employ of the several dealers whose wheels they ride, and to visit the meets as agents—clever device to recognize the amateur rule. Then, again, manufacturers, instead of paying the racing men, pay their clubs, which frequently gain reputations for generosity in fostering the sport, when they really are accomplices in ruining it. The way out of this is to permit no employés of bicycle-dealers to compete. This, together with a reduction in expenses and limit in value of prizes, will at least start us on the right road to amateur bicycle-racing.

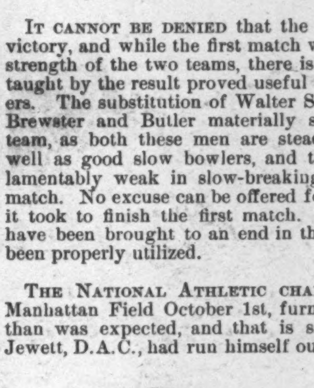
THE GENTLEMEN OF IRELAND defeated the Gentlemen of Philadelphia hands down in the first match of the cricket series. The Gentlemen of Philadelphia played like duffers last year against Lord Hawkes's second-rate team, and they again played like duffers last week against the Irishmen. Instead of choosing the team a month in advance of the match, and giving the men a chance to practise together on the field, the committee, with a display of about as much judgment as that other committee of last year, left the selection until the eleventh hour. As a result, the fielding of the home players was shockingly loose; it was certainly not what we had a right to expect from a team purporting to represent the native amateur strength of our country. Catch after catch was missed by the fielders, until even the most faithful adherents of the Philadelphia eleven were completely disgusted with the wretched exhibition of the home players.

NOW THERE IS SOME LITTLE EXCUSE for the loss of a game when the losers have worked hard to win, accepting the chances offered them to retire their opponents, and batting to the best of their ability. But when a match is thrown away through disgraceful fielding, and by players who, with Pharisean self-satisfaction, gives thanks that they are not as other cricketers are, there is simply no excuse. Not that the Irishmen fielded perfectly by any means. They missed quite a number of catches. But their general team-work was away ahead of their opponents', while the manner in which the field was placed to save runs must have been a revelation to the American captain. In extenuation of the Philadelphians' miserable fielding on Friday it has been urged that the wet grass made the ball difficult to handle. Granting this, it still leaves Monday morning with a condition of grass favorable to the fielders. The fact is that the home players underrated their opponents. It seems almost incredible, after the indifferent display made by the Irishmen in Boston and New York, that they should administer such a severe drubbing to the Philadelphians, who could give either New York or Boston odds and defeat them. The Irish bowling was very mediocre in quality; their batting was inferior to that of Lord Hawkes's team. Their wicket-keeping was certainly superb, and I am inclined to think that much of the credit of the Irishmen's victory must be placed to Mr. Vint's account. On the other hand, the wicket-keeping of P. Butler was a sorry exhibition of total incompetency. C. H. Burr would have filled the position far more acceptably. Why will our native players neglect this important position? Have we no one with a pair of sure hands who is plucky enough to stand up and take the punishment? While the Philadelphia bowling was good, it was not handled to the best advantage, and Mr. Patterson is certainly open to criticism for not giving Wood a trial.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE BATTING of the two teams may be summed up in one word—*pluck*. In their first innings five of the Hibernians' best wickets were down for 33; the last five men put on 142. The Philadelphians lost their first five wickets for 90; the whole eleven were out for 123. The second innings of the Celts opened even worse than the first. The fifth wicket fell for 27; the tail end pulled the score up to 239. Too much praise cannot be given M. Gavin, J. M. Meldon, H. F. Penny, and F. F. Kilkelly for their plucky determined batting in the face of the most discouraging circumstances, although their stay at the wickets would have been much shorter if the native fielders had been up to their work. The Philadelphians showed a decided tendency to play Hynes's bowling with their pads. The number of men given out "leg before wicket" points a moral.

IT CANNOT BE DENIED that the Irishmen deserved their victory, and while the first match was not a real test of the strength of the two teams, there is no doubt that the lesson taught by the result proved useful to the Philadelphia players. The substitution of Walter Scott and J. W. Muir for Brewster and Butler materially strengthened the second team, as both these men are steady scientific batsmen as well as good slow bowlers, and the Philadelphians were lamentably weak in slow-breaking bowling in their first match. No excuse can be offered for the length of time that it took to finish the first match. The game could easily have been brought to an end in three days if the time had been properly utilized.

THE NATIONAL ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS, decided on Manhattan Field October 1st, furnished even better sport than was expected, and that is saying a great deal. If Jewett, D.A.C., had run himself out in his heat of the 220, we should very likely have had new figures for that event, though they could not have stood as a record, for there was half a gale blowing directly at the backs of the sprinters. As it was, that heat with Jewett, Cary, and Allen was the best of the 220 racing, and the time, 21⅘, took just enough out of Jewett to keep him from making a record in the final, though he repeated the time. Cary's appearance in the East was a surprise to most of us, but his running was probably equally as great a surprise to the Manhattans. Despite the glowing reports to the contrary, Cary was not so strong as when last seen on the track. He won a heat in even time, but was a big yard off in the final, which Jewett won in 10 seconds, while in the 220 he actually quit at about 150 yards when he found he could not head Jewett, and trotted contentedly in third place. That was not like the Cary of old. I must hold to the opinion expressed here last year, when Jewett first came out, that he is the fastest man in America at 220 yards, but Cary is a better man than he at the shorter sprint, 100 yards. The track was in grand shape on Saturday, and the wind must have been at least a fifth in favor of the sprinters and hurdlers. Jewett runs in beautiful form, as straight as a die. There is only one man he need fear at the 220, and that is Wager Swayne. The sprints developed a new man to this section, C. F. Spence, of the Columbia A.C., Washington. He runs in good form, and was fast enough to beat Allen out for third place in the final 100, and, through Cary's quitting, second in the 220. J. J. Donohue, the professional sprinter whom the New England Association recently reinstated, was nowhere in either race. It is shameful that men like this one and Meek, who have exhausted professional resources, should be given an amateur standing.



HARRY MORRELL, N.Y.A.C.
120-yard hurdles—15⅘ sec.

SHEARMAN'S—M.A.C.—WIN OF THE MILE WALK was highly pleasing to those who were a little fearful lest the ex-professional Meek prove too strong for him. Shearman walked with rare judgment, holding himself well in hand, and when he made his effort about an eighth from home he went away from Liebgold and Meek as though they were tied, finishing in 6.41⅕. Liebgold, Pastime A.C., never walked so well, and later had little difficulty in winning the three miles from Nicoll, M.A.C., in 22.27⅕, Meek having dropped out half-way. No one in the quarter-mile gave Downs any uneasiness. Owen of Detroit failed to turn up, and Stage of Cleveland was entirely outclassed; he won handily in 50 seconds, with Coombs, Boston A. A., making an especially good race for the place over Mellen, M. A. C. Turner, M. A. C., had the half quite as handily, winning in 1.58⅗. Waldron made a good race for the place, and Winslow, N.Y.A.C., showed up particularly well, getting third. Jackman, Michigan A. A., was outclassed, as was also Morris, of the Phila. Y.M.C.A.

NO GAME SHOWS SUCH IMPROVEMENT as hurdling, and this never impressed me so much as on Saturday, when both trial heats of the 220 were won in time that a couple of years ago had not been heard of. Puffer, M.A.C., furnished the surprise of the day by winning the low hurdles in 25⅗, and the high in 15⅗ seconds. The latter is two-fifths better than the world's record, but could not be allowed on account of the strong wind blowing on Puffer's back, and furthermore because he knocked over several hurdles. Morrell was a yard back in the high hurdles, followed by Harding, M.A.C., Copland, M.A.C., and Lewis, A.C.S.N. In the low hurdles, Morrell, N.Y.A.C., fell when on even terms with Puffer, which let in Schwegler for second. Copland struck a hurdle and dropped out half-way. Puffer's increased skill over the sticks is noteworthy; we all remember him a couple of years ago, when he was a member of the New Jersey A. C., receiving handicaps.

This brings to mind a practical lesson in the results of athletic piracy as carried on by the Manhattan and New York athletic clubs. If the New Jersey A.C. had been permitted to keep the athletes it had a couple of years ago, the scores on Saturday would have been N. J. A. C., 42; M. A. C., 34; N.Y.A.C., 28. Morrell, Puffer, Shearman, and Zimmerman were all developed by the N.J.A.C., and Mitchell once wore its emblem.

The mile run was the prettiest contest at that distance we have had. G. W. Orton, Toronto Lacrosse Club, won it, but Conneff and Hjertberg raced with him all the way, until the Canadian made his final effort, when he drew away from them easily, winning in 4.27⅘. Conneff, M. A. C., went to pieces, and Hjertberg, N. J. A. C., made a game race for the place, Walsh, X. A. A., getting third. Orton is a great runner, and on a good day will lower that record of 4.21⅗, of W. G. George, which has stood for ten years. Conneff equalled it last year, and he has not been in form since.

The five-mile event was notable chiefly on account of the excellent showing made by Carter. That he should run second to Day, in 25.54⅗, is a great feat for him. Conneff, George, and Hjertberg all started, but dropped out.

OF THE FIELD EVENTS, the only especially good performance was the 11-foot pole vault by Theo. Luce, D.A.C. Rodenbaugh's, A.C.S.N., reported 11 feet 5⅝ inches did not appear to have aided him materially, as he stuck at 10 feet 6 inches, and could get no higher. The high jumping was not much outside of Sweeney's, X. A. A., 6 feet, which gave him first. Herrick, M. A. C., was second, with 5 feet 10 inches. Jumpers seem to go in streaks. There were a number of entries in the broad, but Goff, M. A. C., won by a foot, with the good jump of 22 feet 6½ inches, Schwegler doing 21 feet 5 inches, and Lewis, A. C. S. N., 21 feet 4 inches.

Mitchell, N. Y. A. C., got the hammer and 56, with 140 feet 11 inches and 34 feet 8¾ inches respectively; and the giant Coughlin, M. A. C., showed himself to be a much improving man in both. Grey, N. Y. A. C., of course got the shot, at 43 feet 3¼ inches.

The invitation games of the New York Athletic Club on Saturday should be especially good, with the pick of these athletes competing. On the 15th comes the opening of the Columbia College Athletic Field at Williamsbridge, and for the last time this autumn all the cracks will meet.

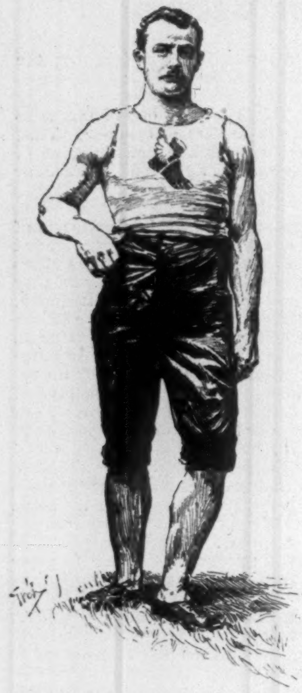
THE STATEN ISLAND LADIES CLUB never held so brilliant a lawn-tennis tournament as the one concluded on Saturday, and the Misses Roosevelt were never in such form. Despite the defeat of the younger by Miss Cahill at Philadelphia, I have always believed these young women the most skilful of their sex in this country at the game. They never have been at their best before, because, until this season, they have not had the advantage of tournament practice, and that only will fit one for championship play. If Miss E. C. Roosevelt and Miss Cahill had met last Friday, it is odds on that the present champion would have had to play better than she has yet or yield her laurels. Miss E. C. Roosevelt beat Miss Burdette, 6–4, 5–7, 7–5, 6–3, in the cleverest exhibition of tennis two women ever gave in America, and only the former's better placing gave her the victory. Miss Burdette is a great getter, and her service is harder than that of any woman's I have seen play. She and Miss Homans lost the doubles to the Misses Roosevelt, 2–6, 6–3, 6–2, 7–5. The team-work of the latter is exceptionally good. Miss Homans has some very strong strokes, and gets more pace on to the ball than any of them.

Mrs. Badgely, as the partner of M. F. Goodbody, the recently arrived Irish player, put up some good tennis, and would have showed to better advantage if Goodbody had not made so apparent his good opinion of his possibilities. They were beaten finally by Miss Cahill and C. J. Post, Jun.—3–6, 6–2, 6–4. Either Mr. Goodbody is decidedly off his form, or the English tennis-rating is off.

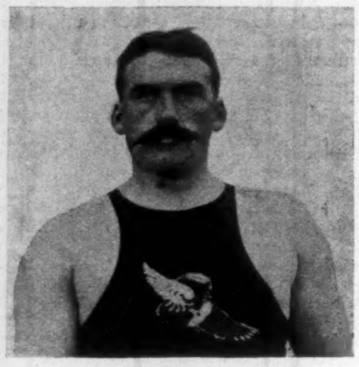
CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—BY WALTER CAMP.—WITH 31 ILLUSTRATIONS.—PRICE, $1 25.—PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

WALTER DOHM, N. Y. A. C
American record, half-mile, 1 minute $54\frac{1}{5}$ seconds.

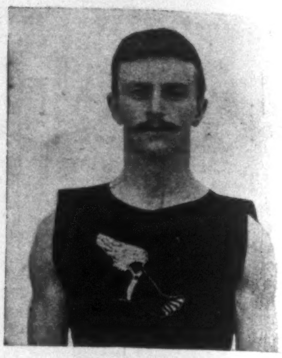


GEORGE R. GRAY, N. Y. A. C.
World's record, 16-lb. shot, 46 ft. $7\frac{3}{4}$ in.

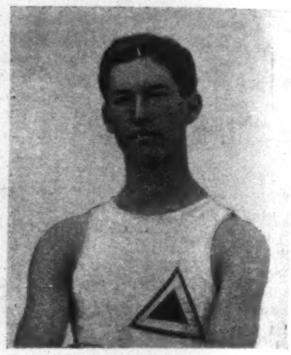


J. S. MITCHELL, N. Y. A. C.
World records, 16-lb. hammer, 141 ft. 9 in.; 56-lb. weight, 35 ft. 6 in.

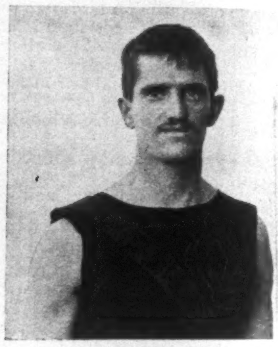
H. M. JEWETT, D. A. C.
World's record, 220 yards, $21^{3}/_{5}$ seconds.



W. C. DOWNS, N. Y. A. C.

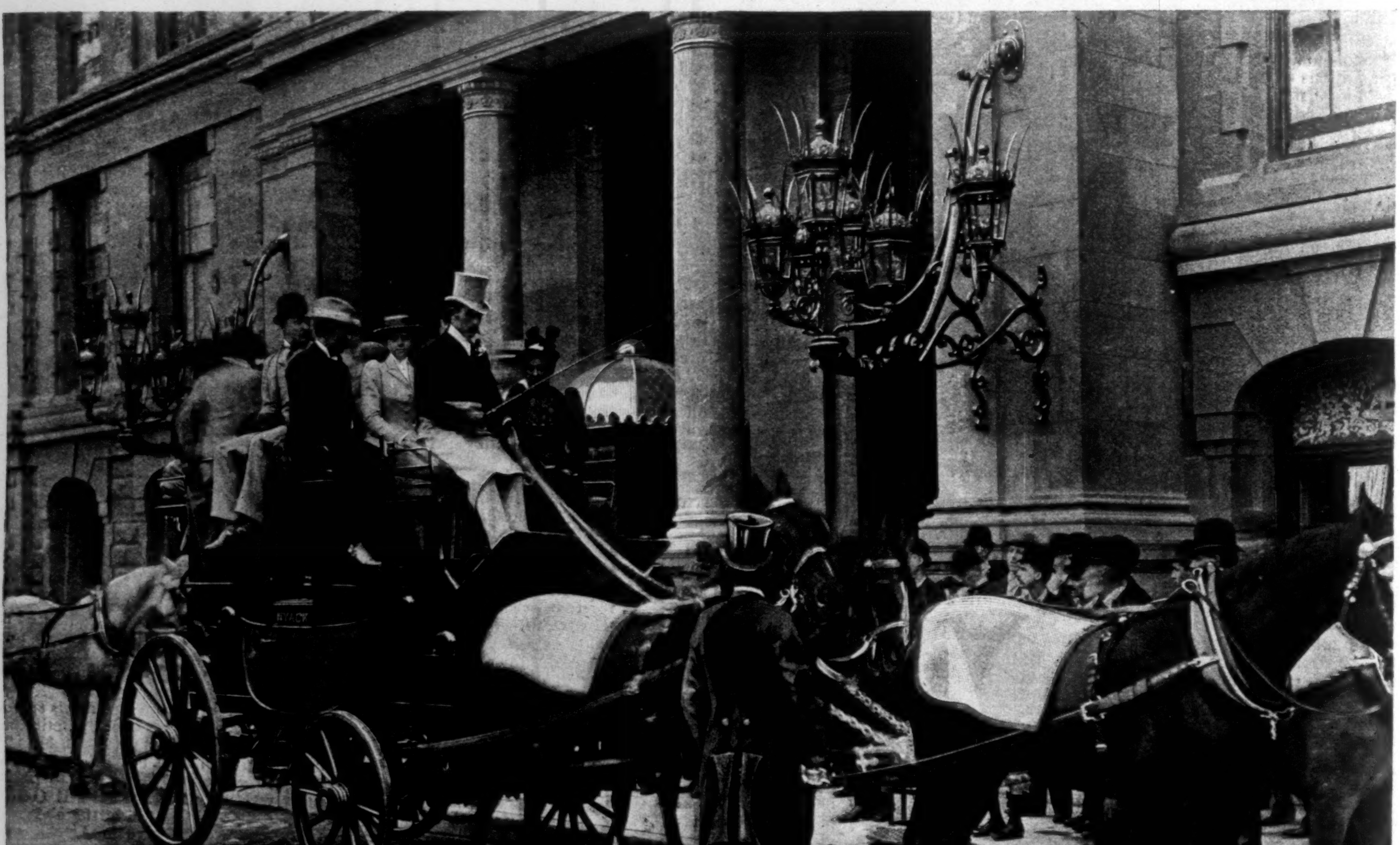


THEODORE LUCE, D. A. C.

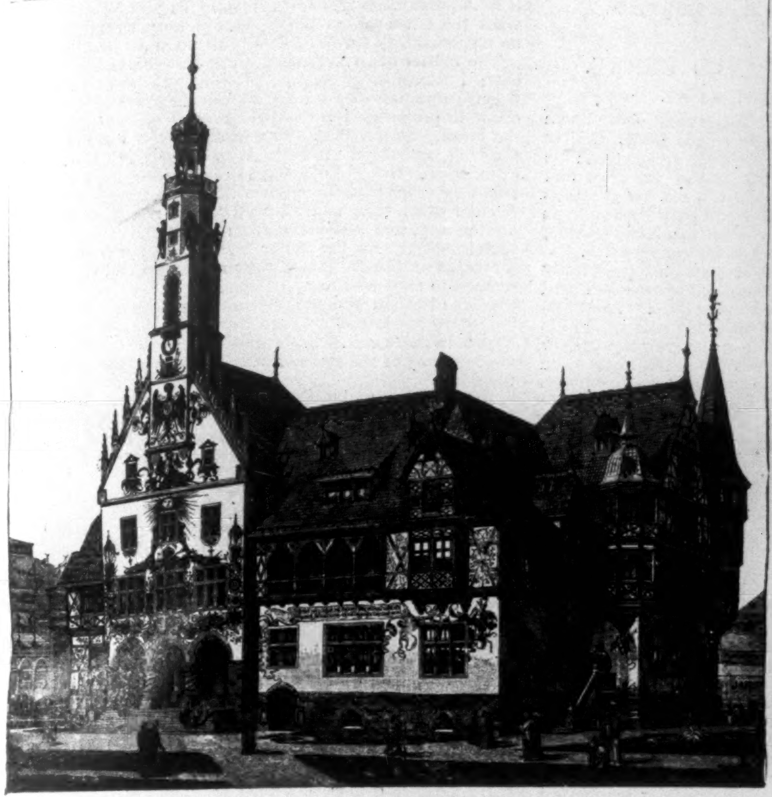


T. B. TURNER, M. A. C.

A GROUP OF CHAMPION ATHLETES.—[SEE PAGE 978.]



FROM THE PLAZA HOTEL, NEW YORK, TO TUXEDO BY THE COACH "REPUBLIC."—[SEE PAGE 981.]



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

FROM THE PLAZA HOTEL, NEW YORK, TO TUXEDO

BY THE COACH "REPUBLIC."

We are only just awakening in this country to the delights of coaching. We thought we were initiated when, through the efforts of Colonel De Lancy Kane, the Coaching Club materialized several years ago, and the annual Meet became a fixture. The yearly "parade"—as some people persist in calling it—however, served its purpose well, for it centralized sportsmen interested in that especial branch of sport, and gave the public an attractive spectacle.

This year has seen more of genuine coaching than any previous one, there having been several long trips arranged and successfully carried out by both New York and Boston men, one notable one being from Newport to this city. Mr. Frederick O. Beach, however, easily drives off with the coaching honors of the year by inaugurating the public line between the Plaza Hotel, Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, New York, and Tuxedo, a distance of forty-six miles. The old coach Republic, resplendent in new paint, leaves the hotel Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 9.45 A.M., and reaches Tuxedo at 5.15; the return trip, at the same hour, being on alternate days. The stops for fresh horses include Washington Bridge, Yonkers, Tarrytown, and six relays of horses are in service. The initial trip of the Republic attracted many spectators at the Plaza, who came to bid Mr. Beach's coaching venture good luck, and stare at the pretty women he was to tool over the road. On the box beside Mr. Beach was Mrs. E. C. Potter, who had the coach for the day, and her guests included Mr. and Mrs. J. F. D. Lanier, Mr. and Mrs. James M. Waterbury, Miss Hope Goddard, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Havemeyer, Mr. Woodbury Kane, Mr. Joseph Stevens, and Mr. E. C. Potter. Mr. Beach is already assured of success, as every seat is booked for the balance of the season. The fare is $6, single seat, one trip. Entire coach, single trip, $45; round trip, $90.

Messrs. T. Suffern Tailer and Eugene Higgins come in for a share of coaching honors. On Saturday they started the Comet, which will run during the autumn racing season of the New York Jockey Club, between the Windsor Hotel and Morris Park.

THE GERMAN BUILDING AT CHICAGO.

The building which is to hold the exhibits of Germany at the World's Fair is due mainly to the efforts and enterprise of the large German manufacturers, who have subscribed liberally to the undertaking. The main building will be 133 feet in length, and in width will measure about 106 feet. In the rear, however, an extension will be built out for nearly 50 feet, which will make the depth of the building at the centre over 150 feet. This extension is to be called the Chapel, and the exhibits therein will be ecclesiastical in nature, such as altars and painted windows, according to the various periods of German art. Above this wing will be erected a bell tower nearly 100 feet in height. The interior decorations of the building will be composed of wall paintings after the Nuremberg and Munich schools. The fittings will be of copper. A small portion of the building will be set aside for offices, which will occupy the first and second stories, but the remaining portion, devoted to exhibits, will be open from the ground-floor to the roof, thus making a high vaulted ceiling. The plans were drawn by the State architect.

GIVE US REST.

This is the prayer of the nervous who do not sleep well. Let them use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and their prayer will be speedily answered. Insomnia is the product of indigestion and nervousness, two associate ailments, soon remedied by the Bitters, which also vanquishes malaria, constipation, liver complaint, rheumatism, and kidney complaints.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

FALSE ECONOMY Is practised by people who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.—[*Adv.*]

Frederick Keppel & Co., Rare Engravings and Etchings, 20 East 16th Street, New York, and 24 Van Buren Street, Chicago. Descriptive Catalogue No. 9, of over 500 Modern Etchings, with 50 Illustrations, now ready, and forwarded by mail on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
[*Adv.*]

PHILLIPS' DIGESTIBLE COCOA is more delicious in taste and aroma than any other preparation of cocoa or chocolate. All druggists.—[*Adv*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

All persons afflicted with dyspepsia find immediate relief by using Angostura Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are the best, the strongest, and most healthful.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

"ABSOLUTELY PURE."—*The Sanitary Record.*

Beautiful Teeth, the Crown of Beauty!

When other charms have faded, a sound, white set of teeth redeems the countenance; but they should be brushed every day with **Sozodont,** in order to keep them white, or to render them so.

SOZODONT

is a composition of the choicest and purest ingredients for cleansing and preserving the teeth, hardening the gums, and imparting a **delicate, cool, aromatic fragrance** to the mouth. **Sozodont** has received the most flattering testimonials from many distinguished **Dentists, Physicians, Clergymen,** and others, who have carefully tested its merits, and from long and regular use are enabled to recommend it with confidence.

One Bottle of SOZODONT will last Six Months.

It is an exceedingly economical and inexpensive dentifrice. Purchasers are requested to note the size and fluid capacity of the bottle, and particularly to remember that, unlike *tooth powders* and *tooth pastes,* **there is no waste.**

Sold by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers.

Complexion Powder

Is a delicate and refined preparation that the most fastidious ladies do not hesitate to use.

It is fragrant and refreshing, and is never unpleasantly noticeable. The test of time is perhaps most assuring, and **Pozzoni's Complexion Powder** has steadily gained in popularity for thirty years. Try it.

For Sale Everywhere.

SUPERIOR NUTRITION. THE LIFE. ORIGINAL. UNRIVALLED. WORLD RENOWNED.
IMPERIAL GRANUM
THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD.
PURE SAFE
DELICIOUS, NOURISHING FOOD.
FOR INVALIDS, CONVALESCENTS, AND THE AGED.
★ FOR NURSING-MOTHERS, ★ INFANTS - AND - CHILDREN.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. SHIPPING DEPOT, JOHN CARLE & SONS, NEW YORK.

H. C. CURTIS & CO'S
Nekoda
TRADE MARK
THIS STYLE FOR SUMMER WEAR
25¢
FACTORY TROY N.Y.

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. **L. FUNKE, Jr.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, **78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.**

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold only by F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs **FREE**

THE INK used on this paper is manufactured by FREDK. H. LEVEY & CO., 59 Beekman Street, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED—The work is easy, pleasant, and adapted to both young and old of either sex. GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 1664, Portland, Maine.

Ruszti asszú.
Ménesi asszú.

The Most Effective Tonics.

DELICIOUS, GUARANTEED PURE HUNGARIAN MEDICINAL WINES.

Highly recommended by all medical authorities of America and Europe.

SAMUEL LENCK, Oedenburg, Hungary.

(*Established* 1792.)

For Sale at all leading Grocers', Druggists', and Wine Merchants'.

General Depot for New York, Hossfeld & Wierl, 39 Broad Street, N. Y.

"One of the few great novels of the century."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES

A Pure Woman Faithfully Presented. A Novel. By Thomas Hardy, Author of "A Group of Noble Dames," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1.50. New edition, revised and expanded by the author.

This is not only by far the best work Mr. Hardy has done, it is one of the strongest novels that have appeared for a long time. . . . A more tragic or powerfully moving story than that of "Tess" lives not in fiction; and the pity of it is heightened by the exquisite pastoral scenes in which it is mainly set. . . . The book is full of suggestion on questions which have never agitated men's minds more than at the present time. . . . It is certainly a masterpiece.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"In this, his greatest work, Mr. Hardy has produced a tragic masterpiece. . . . Powerful and strange in design, splendid and terrible in execution, this story brands itself upon the mind as with the touch of incandescent iron.—*Academy,* London.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y.

☞ *The above work is for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by the publishers, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of the price.*

In Harper's Bazar *for October* 1st *begins a new novel by* Thomas Hardy, *entitled "The Pursuit of the Well-Beloved."*

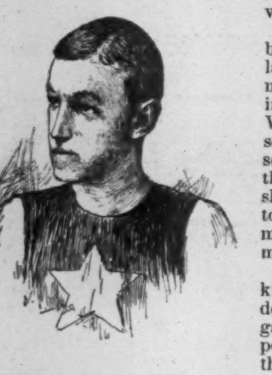
25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Dr. THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

WONDERFUL BICYCLE-RIDING.

A MILE IN 1 MINUTE AND $56\frac{3}{5}$ SECONDS.

It will be surprising news to cyclists throughout the United States, but especially to those of the East, where we have grown to a rooted conviction in the superiority of the native article, to learn that this latest aspirant to racing honors is a foreigner. He was born in Sweden, in May, 1871, and came to America ten years later, settling with his parents in Minneapolis, Minnesota, where he now resides. He had never ridden a bicycle until four years ago, but he showed unusual skill at once, and rapidly developing great proficiency, he soon became a winner at contests in the Northwest. The vastness of this country, with its widely separated interests in amateur sport, is shown effectively in John S. Johnson's history. For several years he has been riding in all the principal bicycling tournaments in that great section of the United States known as the Northwest, winning races and making excellent time, yet his fame never travelled beyond local circles.



It is true, however, that he never, in all his races, gave evidence of the wonderful speed he has since developed.

The first heard of him by the general public was last month, when the newspapers began printing despatches of a young Westerner named Johnson, who had been doing some very fast riding on the wheel, and would shortly make an attempt to break the great Zimmerman's quarter and mile records.

September 17th, on the kite-shaped track at Independence, Iowa, he began his record-breaking performances by placing the quarter and half-mile records, from a flying start, at $26\frac{3}{5}$ and $55\frac{1}{5}$ seconds respectively, the former supplanting Zimmerman's 27 seconds, which of itself was $2\frac{1}{2}$ seconds better than the fastest quarter-mile on record for a trotter—Sunol. On the 20th he lowered the quarter-mile standing-start record of $31\frac{1}{5}$ seconds to 30. On the same day he made an attempt to reduce Zimmerman's fast time of $2.08\frac{2}{5}$ for the mile, succeeding in bringing it down to $2.04\frac{3}{5}$. On this flying trip he likewise lowered the three-quarter-mile record of $1.36\frac{4}{5}$, held by George F. Taylor, to $1.34\frac{1}{5}$.

Not satisfied with this great work, he went after his own flying-start quarter record and the standing-start half-mile the same afternoon, and placed the figures at $26\frac{1}{5}$ and $58\frac{3}{4}$ seconds respectively.

The press of the country was by this time ringing with praises of the wonderful work of this remarkable rider, but he was to do still greater wonders.

September 22d he set out to lower his own astonishing flying-start time of $2.04\frac{3}{5}$ for the mile, with running horses as pace-makers. He started off at a pace few who saw him believed he could maintain, making the quarter in $29\frac{1}{4}$, and the half in $58\frac{4}{5}$, but he kept it up, reaching the three-quarters in $1.28\frac{1}{2}$, and finishing the mile in the astounding time of $1.56\frac{3}{5}$, the quarters being made in $29\frac{1}{4}$, $29\frac{3}{4}$, $28\frac{1}{4}$, and $29\frac{7}{20}$. It was an exhibition of speed not believed possible for a horse, to say nothing of a man. It seems as if no human being could go faster, and yet the record of this season of '92, now closing, warns one against prophecy. Johnson's physique is rather curious, and hardly appears an ideal for a record-breaker, but his muscles are said to be like steel, and his performances have certainly tested their temper. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall, and weighs about 140 pounds.

BRAVE AND DISCIPLINED CREWS.

BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.

The sailor is almost as important on the great ocean liners of to-day as he was on the schooner-rigged barks of fifty years ago, and his responsibilities are even greater than his romantic ancestors'. Instead of the loss of the crew and cargo alone, the foundering of a steamer at sea to-day means the destruction of millions of dollars, and possibly hundreds of lives. Steam and iron hulls have made this less probable, but other precautions have to be taken for emergencies.

The modern sailors on the ocean steamers are practically trained and disciplined men, whose self-possession and bravery have more than once saved many lives. The thousands of passengers who cross the sea every summer do not realize how well drilled and disciplined the crew is, nor how much their safety often depends upon the prompt execution of orders. It is not too much to assume that many dangers are avoided by the steamers every season by the skilled action of the seamen, who are ready for any emergency.

A fire at sea is probably one of the most dismal and heart-rending scenes, and, though every precaution is taken to prevent them breaking out, their record shows that they are quite frequent. The sailors in such emergencies show that they are well-drilled firemen, and they work the pumps and hose apparatus with wonderful calmness and activity. Fires have been started and put out on the large steamers in the middle of the night without awakening the passengers, who slept soundly, all unconscious of the great danger that threatened them. It is a panicky feeling that thrills through one when he hears the word "fire" whispered around, and the sailors must realize the danger as much as the passengers. Nevertheless they fight the dangerous enemy quietly and effectively. They are drilled in their work, and instructed not to make any alarm. The passengers simply hear the tramp of feet on deck, and the quick, sharp orders of the officers. When the fire has spread beyond their control they are generally the ones to quiet the fears of the passengers by their own self-possession, and their discipline does not cease until the steamer is deserted. There is no hesitancy or jostling among the sailors, not even when the life-boats are ordered down; and the officers and crew are always the last to leave the burning vessel.

A collision at sea generally makes the stoutest heart quake, but discipline overcomes fear in such an emergency among the sailors. If prompt measures are taken the steamer can be saved from sinking, but it requires coolness and skilled hands. Several incidents of this nature have happened to the large ocean steamers, and only one, that of the *Oregon*, proved disastrous. When a collision at sea occurs it is necessary to ascertain the location of the damage, and then to close the proper water-tight compartments in a short time. The *City of Paris* not long ago crashed into an iceberg at sea, and though there was a big hole in her side, all danger was promptly averted by the crew, and she landed her passengers in safety. Several others of the first-class steamers have had similar experiences, running into port with the prows or sides smashed in. Discipline saved them from a watery grave, and the steamer *Oregon* would be floating the seas to-day if her bulkhead doors had been properly constructed.

Drills are frequently conducted on the large steamers, and the sailors are ordered out to fight imaginary fires and to work the compartment doors. The command to man the life-boats may be given when the sailors are busy at other things, but in less than five minutes every boat is ready to be launched. The drills in port are interesting, and they are frequent enough to accustom every sailor to his duty. Each life-boat has a certain crew and captain, and each sailor of the crew has a certain duty to perform. When the order is thus given each seaman springs to his post, unmindful of what the other sailors are doing. If he perform his duty no responsibility for failure will rest upon his shoulders.

The matter of saving life on board the ocean steamers is carried almost to perfection. Recently the *Etruria*, of the Cunard line, ran down a tug-boat in the lower bay, and the order to prepare a life-boat was given simultaneously with the crash. In less than two minutes a crew had uncovered the boat, and stood in readiness to lower when the second order came. But while the men stood in readiness a countermanding order told the seamen that all danger had passed. Several other tugs had steamed to the rescue of the men on the tug, and assistance from the steamer was deemed unnecessary. As the order was entirely unexpected, it served as an illustration of the promptness and skill of the seamen to respond to any command. The report of a man overboard at sea generally creates a great commotion, but before the passengers are hardly aware of the accident a life-boat is in the water. Promptness here is very essential, for the headway of the steamer would soon carry her far beyond the scene.

In heavy fogs and mists discipline on a great ocean steamer is her only safety. Every man on duty is constantly alert, and orders are executed with remarkable rapidity. If a collision cannot be avoided, the next thing is to save the vessel as much damage as possible. If the object is an iceberg, the water-tight compartments are shut at once, and the *débris* cleared away almost as soon as it has crashed down upon the deck. If a sailing vessel is run into, the first orders are generally to lower the life-boats to lend assistance; but if two steamers collide, self-preservation is the first thought. The amount of damage is ascertained in a short time, and order restored among the excited passengers.

Seamen are really more disciplined on the great steamers of to-day than they were on the brigs and barks of earlier times, and great disasters are avoided by their skilfulness. Instead of being simply ornaments and servants to make the passengers more comfortable, they are the genuine life-preservers, ready for an emergency, and always steady and drilled in their work.

THE CATTLE BELLS.

Far down the brown autumnal haze—
High on the peak is snow—
Cattle that smell the winter days
Tinkle their bells as they go.

Out of a thick veil drawn to save
The sky's face from the blast,
Those tiny bells, as fairies wave
Their wand, evoke the past.

That music once before I heard,
But then the notes were glad,
Carolling like a careless bird;—
Ah, why now is it sad?

Upon this brow now crowned by care
My love a garland laid;
We heard the bells, now here, now there;—
Dead are the leaves and maid.

Mayhap for happier maid and man
The tender music swells;
And I will smile while yet I can
List to the cattle bells.

Willis Steell.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Financial.

Letters of Credit. Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and West Indies. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.
Brown Brothers & Co.,
Bankers, No. 59 Wall Street.

OREGON THE BEST FIELD FOR INVESTMENT In the United States.
Present growth of **Portland** is ahead of any city in the United States in proportion to its size. Wholesale trade, 1891, $128,127,000; Banking Capital, $15,846,363.00, Buildings now under construction, $3,864,000.00. We have a plan for the employment of capital in best investments in Oregon, in large and small amounts, cash or monthly installments of $25 and upwards, **absolutely safe and remarkably profitable.** Send for full information and Bankers' references. Eugene D. White & Co., Portland, Or.

GUARANTEED! FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS Bearing Liberal Interest
We guarantee both principal and interest. Loans made on productive real estate yearly increasing in value on a conservative basis, and only after personal examination by us. Interest payable in New York Exchange. We invite correspondence. Very highest references.
PUGET SOUND LOAN, TRUST & BANKING CO.
(Paid Up Capital, $125.000.) New Whatcom, Wash.

10% NET FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS Absolutely secure. Interest payable semi-annually by draft on New York. **Personal attention given to all loans.** Highest references. Address FRANK J. HAMILTON, Fairhaven, Wash.

GUARANTEED INVESTMENTS bearing liberal interest. FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS on improved property. Principal and interest payable in gold by N. Y. draft. Agents Wanted. Send for particulars to Farmers Loan & Savings Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

9% FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS! Security perfect. Personal attention given. Highest references. L. C. Crossman, Salt Lake City, Utah. **10%**

THE GREATEST ARTISTIC EVENT OF THE CENTURY.
THE DORE GALLERY IN NEW YORK.
38 Sublime Masterpieces by the Greatest of Modern Artists.
CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL, 57th Street and 7th Avenue. Beginning Monday, Oct. 3d. Open week days (except Thursdays), 10 to 10, 50 cents. Special day Thursdays, 11 to 5, One Dollar. The Doré Gallery has been pronounced by the entire press to be the Grandest Exhibition of Paintings on earth.

14 Styles and Sizes for 1892.
PRICES: $6.00 to $65.00.
THE "Daylight" KODAK CAN BE LOADED ANY WHERE AT TIME.
KODAK
Late Improvements INCLUDE THE Barker Shutter, Automatic Counter on Roll Holder, AND Glass Plate Attachment.
Send for New Catalogue.
Eastman Kodak Co. Rochester, N. Y.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Dr. THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Arnold Constable & Co
CARPETS & UPHOLSTERY.
A very fine selection of CARPETS, CARPETINGS, ORIENTAL RUGS, MATS, and UPHOLSTERY MATERIALS of the richest description, suitable for town houses.
Lace Curtains,
Portieres,
Wall Coverings.
Orders solicited for AXMINSTER and AUBUSSON WHOLE CARPETS and designs specially prepared.
Broadway & 19th st.
NEW YORK CITY.

HOME COMFORT
LATEST IMPROVED STYLE No. 64.
STEEL FAMILY RANGE.
Made almost WHOLLY of MALLEABLE IRON and WROUGHT STEEL.
OVER 230,000 NOW IN ACTUAL USE.
This Range is SOLD ONLY BY OUR TRAVELING SALESMAN from our own wagons throughout the country.
WROUGHT IRON RANGE CO.,
Sole Manufacturers. ST. LOUIS, MO.
Established 1864. Paid up Capital $500,000.
Write for Cook Book—issued free.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
The Celebrated
CHOCOLAT MENIER
Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION Lbs.
Write for Samples. Sent Free. Menier, Union Sq., N. Y.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.
Per Year:
HARPER'S MAGAZINE.......... *Postage Free,* $4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY............ " 4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR............. " 4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE... " 2 00
Booksellers and Postmasters usually receive subscriptions. Subscriptions sent direct to the publishers should be accompanied by Post-office Money Order or Draft.
HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

SYRUP of FIGS.

ONE ENJOYS both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head aches and fevers, and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects. Prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all, and have made it the most popular remedy known. Syrup of Figs is for sale in **50c.** and **$1** bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute. Manufactured only by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.,
San Francisco, Louisville, New York.

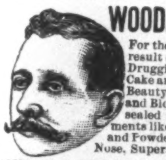
FOR THROAT AND LUNG

complaints,
the best remedy is

AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral

In colds,
bronchitis, la grippe,
and croup, it is

Prompt to Act
sure to cure.



WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. The result of 20 years' experience. For sale at Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. A Sample Cake and 128 page Book on Dermatology and Beauty, Illustrated; on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of **10c.**; also Disfigurements like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, India Ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Pittings, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, &c., removed.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE,
125 West 42nd Street, New York City.
Consultation free, at office or by letter. Open 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS FOR THE HAIR AND SKIN.

An elegant dressing, Prevents baldness, gray hair, and dandruff. Makes the hair grow thick and soft. Cures eruptions and diseases of the skin. Heals cuts, burns, bruises and sprains. All druggists or by mail 50 cts. 44 Stone St. N.Y.

ARTISTS WHO GET RICH

often give good advice. Artists who use the Air Brush are getting rich, and recommend it very strongly. It is distinctively an art tool, and saves time and labor, and increases the excellence of the work. Write for illustrated catalogue. It will interest you.

AIR BRUSH MFG. CO.,
68 Nassau St., Rockford, Ill., U. S. A.

$22. **FIRST CLASS CURTAIN DESK** Four and a Half feet long. Unlimited variety in stock and to order.
American Desk & Seating Co.
270-272 Wabash Av., **CHICAGO, U.S.A.**

BICYCLES more in demand than ever. Our new 30-inch, steel-tube, drop-forge, and handsome **WYNNEWOOD**, furnished with either N. Y. Belting, Morgan & Wright, or S. & B. Pneumatic Tire, at **$100**, is just what you want. Address **A. M. SCHEFFEY & CO., 92 Reade St., New York.**

DOUBLE
Breech-Loader
$7.50.
RIFLES $2.00
WATCHES

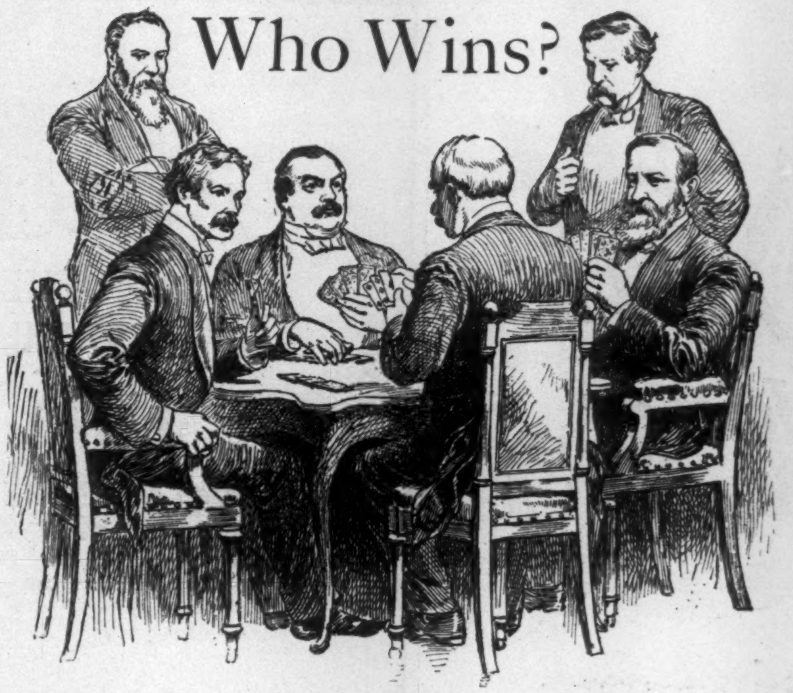
GUNS

BICYCLES $15
All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for catalogue to
THE POWELL & CLEMENT CO.
166 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

Harper's Catalogue,

Thoroughly revised, classified, and indexed, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.

Who Wins?



"United States" Playing Cards are remarkable for excellent quality of stock, superior ivory finish, and unusual dealing qualities. The brands most in use by gentlemen of experience and taste are:

Capitol,	Sportsman's,	Cabinet,
Army and Navy,	Congress,	Treasury.

Insist upon having them from your dealer.

THE UNITED STATES PRINTING CO.,
The Russell & Morgan Factories, CINCINNATI, O.

"The Card Players' Companion," showing how games are played, and giving prices of 40 brands—400 kinds—of playing cards, will be sent to any one who will mention where this advertisement was seen and enclose a two-cent stamp.

TRADE MARK.

VOSE & SONS PIANOS. ESTABLISHED IN 1851

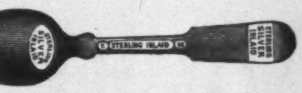
CELEBRATED FOR THEIR
Pure Tone, Elegant Designs, Superior Workmanship, and Great Durability.
SOLD ON EASY TERMS.
Old instruments taken in exchange. Write for catalogue and full information.
170 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

A book like the Franklin Square Song Collection has really been a long-felt want in many thousand homes. To get the music of old popular songs is often difficult and always expensive, but both of these drawbacks are here overcome, for this Collection has in each Number *200* of the best of the familiar tunes, both sacred and secular, at a price ridiculously low. For the mass of the people it is the most useful work that has ever been issued by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and that it will have a large sale is beyond a doubt.—*San Francisco Post.*

Full Contents of the Several Numbers, with Specimen Pages of favorite Songs, will be sent on application, by letter or postal card, to
Harper & Brothers, New York.

HOLMES & EDWARDS

are the only manufacturers of
STERLING SILVER INLAID SPOONS and FORKS.



SOLID SILVER inlaid at points exposed to wear.
They are not to be confounded with Sectional Plate or any other brand of Spoons and Forks.
They are guaranteed to show no worn spots for 25 years.
Each article is stamped on back,

(E)(STERLING INLAID)(H)

If you cannot obtain them of your Jeweler, send to us for catalogue.
HE HOLMES & EDWARDS SILVER CO.,
Bridgeport, Conn.

FARRISH'S,
64 John St.

1864 The Oldest "Chop-House" in New York City. **1892**

For nearly thirty years this well-known "Chop-House" has stood unrivalled.
No visitor to New York during the coming Columbian celebration should go away without a visit to Farrish's. If he does, he will never know how a steak or chop should be cooked.

FARRISH'S, 64 John St.

MOST HUMOROUS BOOK OUT!

How COLUMBUS · · Found AMERICA

By PALMER COX,
Author of "THE BROWNIES," &c.
116 Illustrations. Price, 25 Cents.
Sent postpaid, on receipt of the price, by
Art Printing Establishment, 28 Bond St., N.Y.

IMPROVED HALL TYPEWRITER.

The best and most simple machine made. Interchangeable Type into all languages. Durable, easiest running, rapid as any. Endorsed by the Clergy and literary people. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. Agents wanted. Address N. Typewriter Co., 611 Wash. St., Boston, Mass.

18th Edition, postpaid for 25c. (or stamps).

THE HUMAN HAIR,

Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S.
A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philada., Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

ESTERBROOK'S PENS

ESTERBROOK & CO

28 JOHN ST., N. Y. THE BEST MADE.

"USE THE SOAP PUSSY"

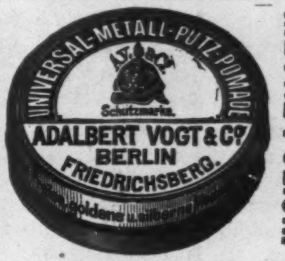
Kirk's Shandon Bells Toilet Soap.

LEAVES A DELICATE AND LASTING ODOR.
An Ideal Complexion Soap.
For sale by all Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers or if unable to procure this **Wonderful Soap** send **25 cents** in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.
JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago

THE
North American Review FOR OCTOBER,

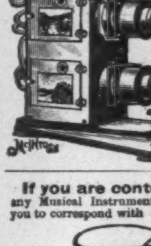
Contains:
The Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE,
Prime Minister of England,
—: IN :—
VINDICATION OF HOME RULE.
The Excise Law and the Saloons.
By Rt. Rev. Bishop Doane.
The Real Issue. By Senator Vest, of Mo.
The Buffalo Strike.
By Theodore Voorhees,
Gen. Supt. N.Y. C. & H. R. R. R.
Some Adventures of a Necromancer.
By Chevalier Herrmann.
Business in Presidential Years.
Pres. N. Y. Chamber of Commerce.
Safeguards Against the Cholera.
By Surgeon-Gen. Walter Wyman; Pres. C. G. Wilson, N. Y. Board of Health. S. W. Abbott, Sec., Boston Board of Health; Dr. Cyrus Edson, Sanitary Supt. of the N. Y. Board of Health.
The Foreign Policy of England.
By H. Labouchere, M. P.
"London Society" and Its Critics.
By Lady Jeune.
Paramount Questions of the Campaign.
By The Governor of Oregon.
And other Articles.
NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, 3 EAST 14th ST., N.Y.

METAL POLISH.



METAL POLISH.

The above is a fac-simile of a box of the only genuine HELMET brand POLISHING PASTE. Refuse as worthless imitations, boxes with other helmets or without our name. For sale everywhere, or send three two cent stamps for large sample box, by mail, to the sole agents for United States, Canada and Mexico. **Adolf Gohring & Co., 180 Pearl St., N.Y.**



We are Manufacturers of, Importers and Dealers in,

STEREOPTICONS,

Gas-Making Apparatus.

100,000 Lantern Slides in Stock.

Lantern Slides to Order.

McINTOSH
Battery & Optical Co.,
CHICAGO, ILL.
☞ Mention this paper.

Write for Catalogue.

If you are contemplating the purchase of any Musical Instrument or Musical Merchandise, it will pay you to correspond with

Lyon & Healy. Chicago.

Manufacturers of Pianos, Church Organs, Parlor Organs, Double-Action Harps, Single-Action Harps, Guitars, Mandolins, Zithers, Violins, Banjos, Band Instruments, and other Musical Instruments. Factories, Ogden Avenue and Randolph Streets, Chicago.

A CENT SENT BENT.

Manufacturer of
"CROWN"
PIANOS AND ORGANS.

WELL SPENT, is a cent sent to Bent, (your address, on postal) if you wish a Piano or Organ. I want verses about the "Crown" goods, and give Pianos, Organs, etc., for the best ones. Ask and learn how it's done. Catalogue free. **GEO. P. BENT,** (Clerk No. 2), Chicago, Ill. (Estab. 1870).

VIOLINS MURRAY & HEISS. CLEVELAND · OHIO ·
MUSICAL GOODS OF ALL KINDS. **GUITARS** CATALOGUE FREE
MANDOLINS

"2 MONTHS ON TRIAL" FOR Bubier's Popular Electrician. 10c.

An illustrated monthly journal for the amateur, experimenter, and public. **BUBIER PUB. CO., Lynn, Mass.**